

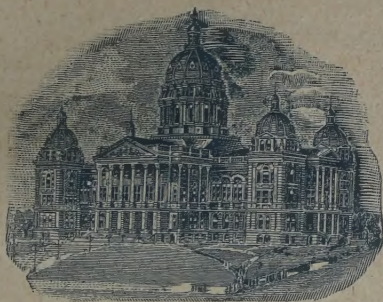
THIRD SERIES.

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JULY, 1893,

ANNALS OF IOWA.

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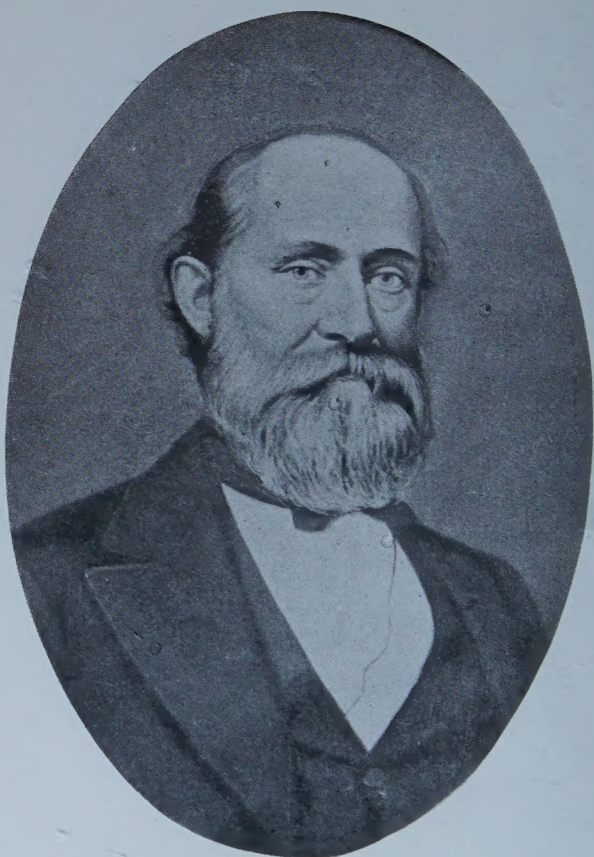
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William
W. B. Baker

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. I, No. 2.

DES MOINES, IOWA, JULY, 1893.

3D SERIES.

GENERAL NATHANIEL B. BAKER.

BY B. F. GUE.

During the War of the Rebellion, two Iowa men who remained in the State, each in a sphere to which he had been called, achieved national reputation for patriotic services of the highest character. I refer to Samuel J. Kirkwood, who was one of the foremost of the "War Governors" of the loyal States, ranking easily as the peer of Morton of Indiana, Andrew of Massachusetts, and Curtin of Pennsylvania, and to Nathaniel B. Baker, whom he selected in that stupendous emergency for the arduous duties of Adjutant General of Iowa. Each was the natural adjunct or complement of the other. Kirkwood, though he did not see a day in school after he was fourteen years of age, had become a profound lawyer, possessing wide knowledge of men and affairs, although he had spent many of his mature years in rural life. In "the summers of long ago" he was a barefoot boy on a Maryland farm. He therefore understood as one "to the manner born" the works and ways, the inner life, the instinctive patriotism of the masses of his countrymen. He went about his work coolly and steadily, making few mistakes, always meeting emergencies, and never failing to gain and retain the confidence of the people.

Baker, on the other hand, was a man of action, whose impulses were as prompt and instant as they were patriotic. Whatever the exigency, or however suddenly it arose, he saw at once, as by intuition, the course to be pursued. To a nature at once kindly and generous, for he was a born philanthropist, a lover of his race, he united the highest type of the executive officer. His equal in the management of the largest

affairs, or the smallest details, has never appeared in our State, and but seldom in the nation. On one occasion the writer saw him hurriedly paying out coin, early in the war, when hard money was still plenty, to a dozen different men, apparently without memoranda. He had such ways of transacting business, with little of red tape, and yet he never made mistakes, or failed to account for the last cent. His accounts remain models of system and accuracy. It is of the career of this large-brained, large-hearted, patriotic man that I shall speak in the following pages, and only incidentally of the illustrious War Governor who had the sagacity to select Baker for the great work of that eventful time.

General Baker was born at Hillsborough, Merrimack county, in the "Old Granite State," September 29, 1818. He received a liberal education, his preparatory at the Phillips Exeter Academy, afterward taking a full course and graduating at Harvard, the college which has been the *Alma Mater* of a long and brilliant array of America's most eminent statesmen, jurists, authors, scientists and clergymen.

He was but twenty-one years of age when he finished his college course, and entered the law office of Franklin Pierce. He was admitted to the bar in 1842 and entered upon the practice of his profession. He was always a clear, forcible and able writer, and for three years was one of the editors of *The New Hampshire Patriot*. In 1845 he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1846 Clerk of the Supreme Court. In 1851 he was elected to the Legislature from Concord. He was chosen Speaker of the House, and served with distinction for two terms. He was at this time one of the most popular men in his native State, and in 1852 when the Democrats were disposed to take their Presidential candidate from New Hampshire, N. B. Baker was one of the men frequently spoken of for the place, while Franklin Pierce, his warm friend, had also a host of supporters for the position. When Baker learned that his former instructor was a candidate, in the generosity of his abiding friendship, he stood aside and used his influence to help bestow the great honor upon

Pierce, who received the nomination, and as all know, was elected by an overwhelming majority. Baker was chosen one of the Presidential Electors, and had the satisfaction of helping to give the vote of his State to his old friend for President. Although a young man at this time, not thirty-five years of age, N. B. Baker had become one of the most influential leaders of the Democratic party; he was especially popular with the young men of his State and in 1854 was nominated for Governor. The great conflict which was now going on over the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the persistent efforts to force slavery into Kansas, had resulted in a wide-spreading Free Soil movement in the Northern States, and the organization of a new political party. This party drew its strength from the Anti-Slavery element of both the old parties, and before the next Presidential election, united in a strong organization known as the Republican party. In New Hampshire, the Free Soil party, led by John P. Hale, put a candidate in the field for Governor; the Whigs nominated a strong man also, and the contest in this hitherto staunch Democratic State became warm, with the result in doubt. Baker entered into the campaign with great spirit, and his personal popularity enabled him to secure a majority over both of his competitors, but he was the last Democratic Governor of New Hampshire, as the growing anti-slavery sentiment of the people left his party in a minority in that State permanently. But Governor Baker made an able and popular executive, adding to his already well established reputation.

In 1856 he removed to Iowa and settled at Clinton, a small but ambitious young city, from which point the Cedar Rapids & Missouri River Railroad was then being constructed toward the Missouri River. A grant of public lands had been made by the General Government to aid in the construction of four trunk lines of railroads through Iowa, from east to west. Clinton county was deeply interested in the disposition of lands granted to aid one of these roads, and Gov. Baker was elected one of its representatives, in 1859, in view of the great influ-

ence he would have in the Legislature in securing the resumption of the grant of land made to the Iowa Central Air Line Company, which had failed to comply with the conditions imposed. The citizens of Clinton were working to secure this forfeited land grant for the new company, and they counted largely upon the powerful aid that Gov. Baker could bring to a measure in which their city and county were so deeply interested. They were not disappointed. Under Baker's leadership the land grant was resumed by the Legislature and re-granted to the new company, thus securing the completion of its road through to the Missouri River, and making the eastern outlet for the Union Pacific, through the heart of Iowa, in advance of all competitors. The early opening up of this great through line, traversing the beautiful and fertile prairies of central Iowa, was one of the most important public works ever accomplished in our State. It gave to thousands of travelers their first sight and knowledge of the limitless resources of our magnificent State, and brought into its border thousands of thrifty home-seekers to aid in its development and add to its population and capital. The pioneers whose energy, foresight and influence thus early secured to Iowa what is now the great Northwestern Railway, deserve permanent recognition in Iowa history, and N. B. Baker, John Weare, G. M. Woodbury, W. W. Walker and John I. Blair, are names that should be ever remembered.

One who was officially connected with the General Assembly of 1860 has written as follows of Gov. Baker as a legislator:

While he served but one regular session, that of 1860, in the Iowa House of Representatives, he took a very high position as an able, wide-awake, vigilant and efficient law-maker. He always knew what was going on, what measures were before the body, when they were likely to be reached, and how to secure the most favorable action upon all in which he took an interest. Not only was he an excellent manager, though not strictly speaking, a parliamentarian, but he knew how to appeal to men, how to secure their friendship and support. He used to be spoken of in those old stage-coach days as one of the "wheel-horses" of legislation. The Speaker, Hon. and "Honest" John Edwards, was an excellent presiding officer when everything went well, but when "storms arose" on "the floor," as he called it in his Southern vernacular, he was only too glad to "call the gentleman from

Clinton" to the chair. As soon as Baker took up the gavel order came out of chaos and the business was pushed along rapidly, and as easily as though all the machinery had been freshly oiled. As a presiding officer he had many of the characteristics of James G. Blaine. He was, no doubt, somewhat arbitrary, as every good speaker must be; but he had an instinctive horror at seeing time wasted. He was especially useful as the session wore along toward the close. If he believed that a bill should be passed, he could expedite it on its way to the third reading more rapidly than most speakers would care to do. He never spoke for mere "buncombe," in fact, his remarks were generally very brief, in a sort of conversational way, and almost wholly confined to explanations, or the tersest setting forth of reasons. He was always ready and armed for emergencies—full of resources.

On one occasion the important portion of one of the manuscript journals of the House had been stolen. The fact coming to the knowledge of a few members, there was talk of "investigation," and the affair seemed likely to grow into a scandal. But coming to Governor Baker's knowledge, he counselled those who knew the facts to keep quiet. Meantime, he learned that the Chief Clerk would be able to reproduce the journal almost word for word from his rough notes of the day's proceedings. The next morning, as soon as the journal was read, Governor Baker rose in his place and stated the whole case very quietly, making a motion that the clerk be directed to reproduce that part of the journal which had been abstracted and have it ready for approval the next day. The motion was adopted and the whole affair was thus settled without a ripple of any sort.

At the extra session in May, 1861, he was the leading spirit. As a war Democrat he had the full confidence of his own party, while the Republicans trusted him implicitly. Both House and Senate contained many able men, but there can be no doubt that his master hand shaped the legislation of that most important war session.

Governor Baker was ever the friend of young men and always met them upon equal terms. Even in his latest years, when his hair was becoming white, he appeared naturally to seek the association of young men. When he was chosen to the Legislature in 1860, he was a Democrat. The officers of the House were Republicans, feeling at the start a degree of backwardness in making his acquaintance. He had been Speaker of the House of Representatives of New Hampshire and Governor of that State, and came to Des Moines with almost a national reputation. But he was not long in making the acquaintance and winning the friendship of everybody. He was not burdened with that species of dignity which only makes a man repellant in his manners. The House had elected for Chief Clerk a young man who had never seen a legislative body in session two days in his life, and it may be inferred that he was not over-confident of his power to discharge its complicated and onerous duties. When the session was about four days old, Baker came to the desk, immediately after an adjournment, saying rather sternly: "See here, young man, I've got something to say to you," and the clerk stopped to listen; "I sit right there," pointing to his desk, "where I can see you from head to foot, and I notice when you are reading or calling the roll, that your knees tremble. I want to say to you

that that is all ——— nonsense, and I don't want to see any more of it! You needn't stand in awe of anybody in this House! You are going to make a good clerk, and we all like you! Brace right up, my boy, and you are all right." Turning upon his heel he walked rapidly away. It is needless to say that General Baker and the clerk were ever afterward the closest of friends. He had said an encouraging, kindly word, just at the time that it was needed, and in such a way that it was never forgotten.

The year 1860 closed amidst the most intense excitement throughout the country. When it became certain that Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate, had been elected President, the Legislature of South Carolina provided for a State Convention to secure the secession of that State from the Union. On the 20th of December an ordinance of secession was adopted by a unanimous vote, and the declaration was made that "the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and the other States is hereby dissolved."

Before the inauguration of the new President, five more of the Southern States had seceded from the Union, seizing forts, arms and other United States property. The gravest apprehensions everywhere prevailed, as a terrible civil war seemed inevitable. The expiring administration of James Buchanan had offered no resistance to the seizure of the forts, arms and other government property by the foes of the Union, and intense anxiety was felt by the new administration and its supporters, to know what the attitude of the Northern Democrats would be in the coming conflict.

When the war began by the attack on Fort Sumter, and the call for 75,000 volunteers was made by President Lincoln, the test of loyalty came. Every citizen must decide whether he would in this hour of supreme danger, stand loyally by his country and its government, or by indifference, or sympathy with its enemies, contribute to its destruction. A united North could speedily crush out the rebellion, while division on party lines might lead to the overthrow of the Government. The fate of the Republic seemed to hang upon the attitude and action of the Democratic party of the North. Some of its great leaders hesitated not a moment. Stephen A. Douglas, John A. Dix, Edwin M. Stanton, Joseph Holt, Benjamin F.

Butler, Daniel S. Dickinson, Lewis Cass and others, promptly arrayed themselves on the side of the Government while many others openly opposed coercion of the seceding States. In Iowa, Gov. Baker, Wm. W. Belknap, Marcellus M. Crocker, J. M. Tuttle, Cyrus Bussey, R. D. Kellogg, and other Democratic leaders, directed the loyal wing of their party into a cordial support of the Government, while a large minority held aloof. The younger generation of to-day can hardly realize how much the restored country owed to the superb loyalty of the "War Democrats" of 1861.

In the meantime a proclamation had been issued by Governor Kirkwood, calling an extra session of the Iowa Legislature, to make provision for raising and equipping the regiments that our State would be called upon to furnish. The Legislature assembled on the 16th of May, and in the House all partisan contests were put aside, by the harmonious election of officers for the session from both political parties.

The first business that came before the House was the following resolution offered by Gov. Baker:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House there shall be enacted at this session, a law providing for the payment of all volunteers who enter the service of the General Government, or of the State, from the date of their enlistment to the time of their mustering into service, and also providing for their pay from the date of their discharge to the time of their arrival at their respective homes.

By common consent N. B. Baker at once became the leader of the House. Governor Kirkwood had promptly responded to the President's call for volunteers, and without waiting for legislative authority, appropriations of money, or the aid of any efficient military laws, had issued a call for volunteers. The people had nobly responded, and with the aid of such patriotic private citizens as Hiram Price, J. K. Graves, Ezekiel Clark, William T. Smith and others, the means had been furnished to put two regiments in the field, before a special session of the Legislature could be convened.

It devolved upon the Legislature now assembled to enact laws for the organization of the military forces to be called into service, and to provide money to meet the extraordinary

expenses that must be incurred. Iowa was a border State, and must take prompt measures to repel invasions which were threatened from Missouri, where thousands of troops were being mustered into the Confederate service.

Provision must also be made for the support of the families of volunteers who had hurried to the front. Without money in the treasury, or military organization, or experienced officers, it was a herculean task that confronted the General Assembly. But the emergency fortunately developed men who were qualified to meet it. In the House, Baker was placed at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, and H. C. Caldwell was made Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and, in co-operation with the strong leaders in the Senate, framed the bills required to put the State on a war footing. Persistent efforts were made by a minority to embarrass and defeat radical war measures, but the loyal majority had little patience with the obstructionists, and in a session of but thirteen days enacted all the legislation needed to enable Iowa to do its full share in furnishing its quota of the grand Union Army, then gathering from all the loyal States.

N. B. Baker had in this brief session shown such marked executive ability, that he was in July appointed Adjutant General of the State. He entered at once upon the duties of the office, and soon demonstrated his superior qualifications for the great work before him. He proceeded to organize that department upon thorough business principles, to gather as his assistants a most efficient corps of clerks, adopting a plan of records that preserved a concise history of every private and officer who entered an Iowa regiment, or any branch of the service. As the war progressed, increasing in magnitude from year to year, additional duties devolved upon him, as he was also made Inspector General, Quarter Master, Paymaster and Commissary General. The amount of labor and responsibility devolving upon him in these various positions was enormous, and proved a great tax even upon his wonderful powers of endurance. As the years of the long and bloody war rolled on, call after call was made by the President for volunteers to

swell the size, and fill up the depleted ranks of the Union Army. General Baker in Iowa had organized fifty-seven regiments and four batteries, besides sending thousands of recruits to the various regiments, until a vast army of nearly 80,000 men had gone from our State before the war closed. No State in the Union had been more prompt than Iowa in responding to the calls of the President for troops, and no one official in Iowa contributed so largely to make this possible as General N. B. Baker.

The eight large volumes of Adjutant General's Reports, carefully compiled from the records of that office, from the beginning of the war up to 1867, by General Baker, make up a most complete and reliable history of all Iowa soldiers engaged in the war of the Rebellion. It will be the official record and the roll of honor in all the years to come. Every name is there; and every soldier's record is briefly given, just as he made it, in a few lines, pathetic in their brevity.

Here is one copied at random from these volumes: "Ward, Willey, 29 years of age, residence Inland, Cedar county, Iowa, native of Ohio, enlisted as a private August 8, 1862, in Company C, 24th Iowa Volunteers, died May 16, 1863, in hospital at St. Louis, of small pox." Four brief lines make the official record of one of Iowa's 80,000 strong, brave men who, in the morning of life, marched away to Southern battle fields, of whom 12,000 never returned.

This record does not tell of the young wife and two little girls left in the lonely farm home by the banks of Rock Creek, to wait, in dread suspense as the weeks and months go slowly by, for tidings from the husband and father; nor of the despair of the young widow and the fatherless girls when the fatal letter came to them, on that bright spring morning, wrecking all their hopes and forever desolating their home. The war years were filled with such tragedies, all over the land, and these volumes so carefully prepared under General Baker's direction will forever preserve the record of the humblest private as well as the highest officer. It is a cyclopedia of wonderful accuracy and of priceless value; and so long as Iowa has an exist-

ence, it will be consulted by the descendants of soldiers of the Union Army and the students of Iowa history.

Few States have such complete records, and the following correspondence will throw some light upon the obstacles met and overcome by General Baker, in gathering the material embraced in his records.

General Johnson issued at one time—

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 6, }
 HD. QRS. SIXTH DIVISION CAVALRY CORPS, M. D. M. }
 EDGEFIELD, TENN., Dec. 28, 1864.

It has come to the knowledge of the Commanding General, that in the Iowa regiments serving in this division, and perhaps in those from other States, it has been customary under the supposed authority of some regulation or order from Headquarters of the so-called "Army of Iowa," or other authority of like character, to furnish to the Adjutant General of the State of Iowa, and other States, copies of the monthly return, list of casualties, reports of operations, and other reports. Not only military propriety, but the danger of such papers falling into the hands of improper persons, forbids this practice. It is, therefore, ordered that in future no such reports, returns or others of like character, or copies thereof, be furnished to the Adjutant General of the State of Iowa, or any other State, or any person, persons, or authority, except as now required or as may be hereafter required by orders from the War Department, or Department Headquarters.

The time of the officers of this command is too precious to be devoted to the preparation of official documents for the satisfaction or curiosity of civilians at home. This must be left to the newspaper correspondents. Officers will understand that they and their troops are in the service of the United States, and in their military capacity have no relations whatever to the State from which they come, or the Executive thereof.

By command of Brigadier General Johnson.

E. T. WELLS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

Official copy for the information of the Adjutant General of Iowa.

E. T. WELLS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

General Baker was justly indignant at this arbitrary and insulting "order," and at once forwarded it to the Secretary of War with the following endorsement:

GENERAL JOHNSON:—

The Adjutant General of the State of Iowa acknowledges the receipt of the extraordinary "General Orders, No. 6." The State officials have asked nothing improper, and the Adjutant General cannot comprehend the motives of Brigadier General Johnson in issuing the "General Orders" of which the within is a copy.

The State wishes to keep up the records of the volunteers sent from this State.

No other General, that this Department is aware of, has heretofore attempted to prevent the completion of said records. These records are absolutely essential for the protection of soldiers and their families here at home.

[Signed]

N. B. BAKER, *Adjutant General of Iowa.*

The War Department promptly revoked the "order" of General Johnson in the following:

SPECIAL ORDERS, NO. 53.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

(Extract)

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2, 1865.

40. So much of General Orders No. 6, December 28, 1864, from Headquarters 6th Division Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi, as forbids the rendition of certain returns and reports called for by the Adjutant General of Iowa, is hereby revoked, it being improper in its tone, and disrespectful to the authorities.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND.

General Baker was thoroughly informed as to his powers and duties in his official capacity, and would not submit to officious interference from any quarter. His system contemplated the securing of all information relating to Iowa soldiers in the service that might at any time be required to make up the elaborate records of his office, and protect the interests of the State, its soldiers, and their families. No State in the Union was better served in that department. But General Baker's interest in Iowa soldiers did not by any means end with a faithful discharge of his official duties. He was untiring in his efforts to provide for the comfort of soldiers in the camp, field and hospital, and in rendering aid to their families. One of the many instances of his watchfulness over them is related in a case of a railroad accident in Indiana, where many Iowa soldiers were killed and wounded. He issued a public order giving notice to the friends of the victims not to settle with the company, as it was a case of criminal negligence on the part of the officials, and pledging himself to secure ample reparation as far as in his power—and he did it.

When the war closed and the survivors returned to their homes, every soldier found a life-long friend in General Baker. As long as he lived he spoke of them invariably as "my boys." His heart and purse were always open to all Iowa soldiers in trouble or in want.

As the Iowa regiments were disbanded Gen. Baker gathered into the State Arsenal the old battle flags torn by shot and shell, representing nearly every Iowa regiment and most of the great battles of the war. Some of them are stained with the life-blood of those who bore them aloft in the thickest of the fight.

Major R. D. Kellogg was intimately connected with Gen. Baker in the Legislature of 1860-1, and also in his military work as a prominent officer of an Iowa regiment during the war. In an address delivered before the Pioneer Law Makers' Association in 1890 he gives his estimate of Gen. Baker as a legislator, and as an executive officer, as follows:

He was largely instrumental in shaping the legislation of this eventful session. He was a man of powerful frame, a giant mind, an iron will and a voice and manner that commanded attention and respect. He moved and thought and wrote and acted with such force and rapidity that, to those of a different type, his methods savored of recklessness. But his public acts and records are a standing refutation of such a charge and declare him to have possessed a master executive mind. While with my best efforts I should fall short of doing full justice to his great qualities of head and heart, yet I would not canonize him. He was not perfect. He had sufficient faults to assert kinship to humanity, but he was a manly man. He was gifted with a sound judgment and perception of the right thing to be done when matters of the greatest moment waited upon his decision, that seemed like intuition.

In the summer of 1870 Gen. Baker, in conjunction with many officers of the late war, planned a great reunion of Iowa soldiers to be held at the Capital of the State. The proposition met with universal favor and was received with great enthusiasm by the "boys in blue." Gen. Baker at once entered upon the work of making all needful preparations for the transportation, care and comfort of the Grand Army of citizen-soldiers that was sure to gather in from all parts of the State. Through his influence the railroads were persuaded to give free transportation, and Gen. Sherman and Gen. Belknap, Secretary of War, came from Washington to greet the Iowa soldiers.

The date fixed for the reunion was August 31. It continued through two days, and fifty thousand people came together, of whom more than twenty thousand were Iowa soldiers. It had been five years since they were mustered out of the service, and this meeting again and for the last time of thousands

of comrades who had marched, camped and fought together in so many trying campaigns, was an event never to be forgotten. No such reunion had occurred since the grand review at Washington in 1865, at the close of the war.

Most of the distinguished Iowa officers who survived were present, and took part in the services, and again greeted their old companions in arms. It was the proudest day in General Baker's life, as he was continually reminded of the warm affection entertained for him by "his boys." Every soldier wanted to take him by the hand. It was the first and last great reunion of Iowa soldiers, an event ever to be remembered in Iowa history.

General Baker's love of newspaper work clung to him through life. He was for many years a member of the Iowa Press Association, and at one of its annual meetings delivered the principal address. It was a paper of rare interest to the fraternity, filled with hints of especial value to the younger members. No man in Iowa probably, in his day, sustained such cordial relations with the publishers of the leading papers. Their editorial columns were always open for his contributions, and for years he was in the habit of sending his comments on current topics of the day to a dozen or more State papers, where they were uniformly "appropriated." When he thought of something that in his judgment ought to be said, he wrote it out in the best English and always sent it to the right place. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of men that guided him unerringly in making his selection. No one besides these editors, and General Baker, ever knew how many of the best leaders, or paragraphs, in the Iowa papers for the twenty years, from 1856 to 1876, were from the pen of the old editor of *The New Hampshire Patriot*.

In 1872 northwestern Iowa was visited by immense swarms of grasshoppers, which destroyed the crops over a wide area of country. Great destitution prevailed in some fifteen counties where the devastation had been greatest. As winter approached thousands of the new settlers found themselves and families on the verge of starvation. When their situation

became known to the State at large, the generous people in more favored regions were willing to contribute out of their abundance for the relief of their unfortunate fellow citizens. But some one was needed to take charge of the collection, transportation and equitable distribution of the vast amount of supplies freely tendered to the sufferers. General Baker at once stepped forward and volunteered to superintend this great humane work. He procured from the railroad companies greatly reduced rates of transportation, organized an efficient corps of assistants, and entered upon the work with his accustomed promptness and energy. For months he labored unceasingly in collecting, forwarding and distributing provisions and seed-grain to the destitute farmers of the famine-stricken region, until the greatest destitution was relieved, and the settlers enabled to raise a crop. The fact that General Baker was at the head of the relief movement, was a guarantee to both contributors and sufferers that the great work would be performed with the utmost fidelity and efficiency, and the people of all parts of the State contributed generously until the needy were supplied. General Baker, who was first appointed Adjutant General in July, 1861, was successively reappointed by each succeeding Governor for fifteen years. He also held the offices of Inspector, Quartermaster, Paymaster and Commissary General, continuously to the day of his death, performing all official duties with strict fidelity to the close of his life.

Death came to him in the midst of his usefulness, on the morning of September 13, 1876. The following account of the sad event is from *The State Register* of the next morning:

A year ago last winter while in northwestern Iowa looking after the grasshopper sufferers, he exposed himself in a storm of snow, sleet and rain, being out in it a whole day, which exposure seemed to fasten upon him the fatal results which now have followed. But the lion-like strength of the General bore it without apparent great injury, until last fall, when a cough set in which from the first had in it the sound of death. This quietly and insidiously wrought upon him through the winter months, and when spring had come, the man of such former great strength, was worn to a man of weakness, and glorious Nat Baker, as his friends always called him in their hearts, had little left of him and his pride of strength but his heart, that grew larger to the last, and constantly tenderer.

Through long weeks and months of suffering the man once so strong, so impulsive, always so impatient of restraint, bore with patience, cheerfulness and courage his lot, frequently rising to the point of jovialty, in order to keep up the sinking hearts of those around him. Even pain and torture could not wring complaint from his lips, and although the failing body was on the rack, the intrepid spirit preserved constantly the martiality of its heroism. Those who were about him in these last days saw revealed in all its beauty the gentle inner nature which had always been the soul and the stay of a character that ever had in it an element of the impetuous and the stormy—saw the sun go down from the spanning sky of pride, valor, strength and majesty, to the peace, the twilight and the submission of the expiring day. * * *

At one o'clock Wednesday morning death came on as a sleep. Almost immediately there came into the face that perfect peace which is seen on earth only in the face of the dead, the noble head with its crown of iron-gray hair, the classical face as clearly cut and as nobly featured as any ever on Roman bronze, set about with a beard which age had spun into silver, showed that Nathaniel B. Baker had from nearly sixty years of incessant activity lain down in death, and lain down in peace. Could all who have ever felt the warmth, or shared the bounty, or been kindly held in the shelter and the love of that stilled heart, come to it now and lay their hands upon it with a blessing, the world would know what it little knows now, of the numberless deeds of kindness, succor and help, performed so quietly that only God knew of them to remember them.

When death came to General Baker, Governor Kirkwood, who had fifteen years before first commissioned him Adjutant General, was again in the executive chair. As soon as the sad news reached him he issued the following:

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, September 13, 1876.

It is with profound sorrow that the Governor announces the death at one o'clock this morning of Brigadier General Nathaniel Bradley Baker, Adjutant and Inspector General of Iowa since 1861, and acting Quartermaster and Paymaster General, and at one time Governor of his native State, New Hampshire. The Governor anticipates the universal regret this event will awaken, throughout the entire State, and even beyond its borders. To his skill, his indomitable energy and his tireless industry, our State owes not a little of the high reputation her military record has made for her. To the soldiery of Iowa, of whose deeds he was ever proud, and whose history he did so much to preserve, he was especially dear; and so long as that history shall be read, will the memory of Iowa's great Adjutant General be perpetuated. More recently, during seasons of great destitution in the newer parts of our own and adjoining States, the same characteristics that had distinguished his services in the department of arms, were of measureless value in securing relief to the impoverished and starving settlers; and the devoted and self-sacrificing labors of this faithful officer in this work will ever constitute one of the bright pages in the State's annals. The Gov-

ernor himself, long intimately associated officially with the deceased, feels that the popular estimate of this distinguished man is a just one, and realizes that in his death the State has lost a valuable public officer, the public a servant of spotless integrity, and society a useful member.

It is therefore ordered,

1. That proper military honor be rendered the illustrious dead, by the Third Regiment of the Iowa State Militia.

2. That upon Friday, the 15th inst., the day of the funeral, minute guns be fired from noon until sunset.

3. The detachment of artillery attached to the Olmstead Zouaves will report for duty at such time and place as shall be directed by the commanding officer.

4. Lieutenant-Colonel Townsend, Third Regiment I. S. M., is charged with the execution of these orders.

5. The national flag will be displayed at half-mast from the various public buildings belonging to the State.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

The funeral was the most imposing ever known in Iowa. Ex-Governors, veteran army officers and prominent citizens from distant parts of the State, came to pay the last tribute of respect to the honored dead. Among the organizations that formed a vast procession was a detachment of the 2d Iowa bearing the flag they so gallantly upheld at Shiloh. Riddled with shot and shell, the old banner as borne by them was but a remnant of the silken folds that first floated in the breeze on that eventful day. A scant dozen of the gallant men who then held it aloft remained and carried it in honor and sadness to the grave of the noble officer who had been so firmly and constantly their friend.

No man in Iowa knew Gen. Baker better than J. S. Clarkson, at that time editor of *The State Register*. The day after his death he wrote of him as follows:

His work as Adjutant General during the war, his organization of the Iowa troops, his care of Iowa soldiers, his matchless records with which he has handed the achievements of Iowa valor and the names of Iowa heroes over to history, his well earned plaudits from the General Government, the Secretary of War, the General of the Army, as having been the most efficient, accurate and painstaking Adjutant General of all the States, his unfaltering devotion to the soldiery of the Union and his unwearying care for their interests, his proud record of good deeds as a public officer, the unstinted charity of his private hand, his heart of warm sympathy and his hand of quick help to the many thousands stricken by the plague of locusts in Iowa, his constant position at the front in every matter of public charity or private generosity in our State for twenty years, his sacrifice of his own

fortune, his forgetfulness of his own needs in his readiness and anxiety to relieve the distress of others—the unselfishness, the great-heartedness, the ruinous generosity of the man, are known to all, honored by all, while thousands of his acts of kindness and sacrifice stand as good angels around his coffin to-day, not talked of in the speech of man nor recorded on earth.

There was probably never a man in whose heart children lived more supreme than in Gen. Baker's. Many are the children who have been taken barefooted from the paving stones of Des Moines into the stores and clothed and warm shoes put upon them, and Gen. Baker was always the name of the kind man when they could find it out. Older people, mothers in poverty and fathers in difficulty, knew of one door which never closed on them.

We mention these things not to benefit Gen. Baker now nor to serve the purpose of eulogy. Benefit cannot reach him, nor eulogy add to his fame. We write them because as we write of him the countless noble and good things in his record come trooping up to our mind so forcibly that they fairly crowd their way into this article. Nobody will ever tell all of them.

The news of the death of Gen. Baker will go cruelly throughout the whole length and breadth of Iowa. No man in the State had so wide and so universal a personal acquaintance, and no man in the State had so many personal friends. They were in all classes and societies, and the most devoted are found among the unlettered and the plain. All the Union soldiers will feel as though a brother or father had died. They were all his "boys," and for them he would have suffered, gone hungry, starved or even died. At the great Iowa reunion of soldiers, in Des Moines in 1870, neither the General of the Army nor the Secretary of War received the attention that Gen. Baker did. He was the man who was most entirely in their hearts and whom they cheered and lionized most.

To every soldier and to every home with a soldier in it, or a soldier's vacant chair, this tidings of death will strike hard and sharp. To such and all who knew him best this article will be none too warm in its tribute and none too cordial in its praise. We ask no apology for it, for we feel that the dead is our dead, too; and feel in the valley of this sorrow that a heart which made this world warmer for us, now is cold; that the strong hand which so often took our own weaker one in its grasp to cheer and strengthen it is never to thrill our blood again; that the familiar form which has so often glided into a seat by our side in dark days, and in darkest days the oftenest, whether to be there just then was popular or unpopular—to say that he was there as a friend—will never come again; all this in the shadow of this hour we feel, and God pity us if in such a time we do not speak the truth of the unselfish, faithful, noble man as we knew it. We write not with sharpened inspection of such dead. We would bury him, faults and all, as tenderly as we would bury a child of our own home and heart.

* * * Wherever sterling patriotism is prized throughout this broad land his name is revered and honored. Brave men died on Southern battlefields blessing the great heart that was so full of tenderness for them. Gentle women and children will mourn him as a friend whose generosity and manliness lived only to do good to those about him. The citizens of Des Moines where he lived so long will ever bear him in kindest memory. A

man without a stain, an official whose every act was born of probity and justice, a friend whose charity of heart impoverished his purse, and a citizen whose public spirit was ever enlisted in good deeds for his fellows, Gen. Baker fills an honored grave. Sunshine and shadow where he lies will rest on a tomb inclosing a heart that beat ever for the good of others. In history he will fill a place accorded to those who worthily, bravely, honestly fill their stations in life and who left behind them records of good.

Soon after his death leading citizens of the State organized the Baker Memorial Association, for the purpose of providing for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Gen. Baker. Samuel J. Kirkwood, Iowa's great War Governor, was elected president of the Association, which proceeded at once to organize a plan for raising the funds required. An appeal to the soldiers of the late war was issued, and contributions in small sums were made by thousands of "his boys," who regarded it a privilege thus to testify to the high regard they entertained for one who had ever been their most helpful friend.

A sufficient sum was thus raised to erect a granite column that marks the last resting-place of the honored dead. Hon. George W. McCrary, the distinguished Secretary of War and an Iowa man, secured from Congress an act authorizing him to furnish four brass field-pieces to the Monument Association to be permanently stationed around the lot in Woodland Cemetery where rest the remains of N. B. Baker. But more enduring than granite is the priceless work he did for Iowa soldiers and Iowa history. The superb records he so wisely devised are more enduring monuments than brass or stone and will be sacredly preserved long after the others have crumbled into dust. As the years go by in the onward march of time, generations yet to come will turn to these pages to trace the glorious record of their ancestry, whose deeds will forever illuminate the pages of American history. When "a thousand years" will have rolled away in the life-time of our now young State these records of its early glory will be treasured as among its most valued possessions, and every name thereon inscribed will be embalmed in the memory of the remotest generations. In the old world the youth are proud to trace their ancestry

to dukes and earls. In America the badge of honor will be in the distant future to trace an ancestry back to a member of the Grand Army of the Union.

It is a matter deeply regretted by the friends of General Baker that there is not in existence a good oil portrait of him, painted when he was in his prime, as at the outbreak of the great civil war. The engraving which precedes this article, however, is a fairly good likeness. It was engraved from a somewhat faded photograph which has been preserved by "The Aldrich Collection" in the Historical Department.

THE CHARGE ON BATTERY ROBINET.

BY EX-GOVERNOR CYRUS C. CARPENTER.

The reminiscences of the great Rebellion are becoming more interesting as they recede into history. This fact alone could induce me to repeat the story of one of the events of the war with which I was personally familiar. Time can never efface from the memory of those who saw it, the desperate charge made by the rebels upon Battery Robinet at the battle of Corinth, October 4, 1862. And I sometimes think that the battle of Corinth has not been fully appreciated by the historian; as it was really one of the important events of the war. The little town of Corinth, Mississippi, was neither large nor attractive, but it was one of the strategic points in the territory occupied by the rebel armies. It was at the junction of the Memphis & Charleston, and the Mobile & Ohio Railroads. The one extending east and west from Memphis, Tennessee, through the heart of the rebel territory to Charleston, South Carolina; and the other running north and south from the Ohio river to Mobile and the Gulf of Mexico. To obtain possession of Corinth had cost the bloody battle of Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing) and the subsequent long campaign by regular approaches of the armies of the Tennessee, of the Ohio and of the Mississippi, under General Halleck. Prior to the battle of Corinth, the Union forces in northern Mississippi and west-

ern Tennessee were scattered at various points on, or near, the Mobile & Ohio and Memphis & Charleston Railroads. General Grant, commanding the department, was at Jackson, Tennessee; General McPherson at Bethel, Tennessee, a station between Jackson and Corinth; General Sherman was at Memphis; General Hurlbut at Bolivar; and General Rosecrans at Corinth. After Price had attacked the Union forces at Iuka, from which point he retreated precipitately to Tupelo, there was an ominous silence for some weeks. Finally the rebel forces, commanded by Van Dorn, Price, Villipigue, Lovell and Rust, began to concentrate in the vicinity of Ripley. The combined forces constituted an army of about 40,000 men. The purpose of Van Dorn, who was chief in command, was not easy to divine, but it was believed he contemplated an attack either upon Corinth, Jackson, Bolivar or Bethel. After a few days of maneuvering, in which his cavalry demonstrated against all these points, it was found that he was massing his entire command on the roads leading to Corinth. General Grant immediately began to draw forces from other points with orders to reinforce Corinth, where General Rosecrans was then in command of about 20,000 men.

On October 3, Van Dorn having driven in the outposts of Corinth, moved upon the place in force and with great determination. He, of course, knew that the moment he had fully unveiled his purpose, reinforcements would be hurried forward from Bolivar, Jackson and Bethel, and that his success depended upon his ability to overwhelm Rosecrans before these reinforcements could reach the battlefield.

The town of Corinth lies in a sort of a basin, the ground gradually rising, especially on the north, northeast and northwest, encircling the town from these points of the compass with a low but well defined ridge. Corinth had been strongly fortified by General Beauregard when occupied by the rebels. Our army had the advantage of these fortifications, and the interior line of rebel defenses had been strengthened and perfected by the Union forces. The outer line of entrenchments were comparatively impracticable of defense, as they had been planned

and built for a much larger force than that commanded by General Rosecrans. The interior defenses, of which Batteries Williams, Robinet and Powell were salients, were not more than from six to eight hundred yards from the town. It was the plan of General Rosecrans, as the rebel forces moved upon his command, to make a demonstration of defense at the outer works, more or less obstinate, as circumstances might seem to determine as wise, but to withdraw gradually to the support of these interior batteries, thus shortening his lines and bringing into play the guns of the batteries upon the enemy.

The first day of the battle (October 3) the Second Division of the Army of West Tennessee, commanded by Brigadier General Thomas A. Davies, held a position across the Chewalla road and in the northwest angle of the two railroads. In the First Brigade of this division, commanded by Brigadier General Hackleman, were five Iowa regiments, the 2d, 7th, 8th, 12th and 14th Infantry. In the Sixth Division of the Army of West Tennessee, commanded by General T. J. McKean, there were four Iowa regiments, the 11th, 12th, 15th and 16th Infantry, brigaded together and called the Iowa Brigade, commanded by Colonel Marcellus M. Crocker. In the Second Division of the Army of the Mississippi, commanded by General David S. Stanley, was the 2d Battery of Iowa Light Artillery, commanded by Captain Nelson T. Spoor, which received honorable mention by Colonel Joseph Mower, commanding the brigade to which it was attached, and also by General Stanley, commanding the division, for its splendid work during the battle. In the Third Division of the Army of the Mississippi, commanded by General Charles S. Hamilton, were the 5th, 10th and 17th Regiments of Iowa Infantry, and in the cavalry, commanded by Colonel Mizner, was the 2d Regiment Iowa Cavalry.

The brunt of the battle during the 3d, fell upon the Second Division of the Army of West Tennessee, commanded by General Thomas A. Davies. It held a position in the northwest angle of the Memphis & Charleston and Mobile & Ohio railroads, and across the Chewalla wagon road, upon which

General Lovell's division of the rebel army was advancing. Although, as has been said, it was not the purpose of General Rosecrans to risk the results of the day by making a final and decisive stand at the outer defenses, as he knew it would too greatly lengthen his lines for the number of men he had as compared to the enemy, and that it would be beyond the reach of aid from the forts near the town. But this splendid division clung to its position at these outer defenses with great tenacity, and when finally obliged to fall back, did so obstinately and in good order. Night found it between a half and three-quarters of a mile from Corinth, in line, between and in front of Batteries Williams and Robinet. The division had suffered serious losses—especially in officers—General Hackleman, commanding a brigade, had fallen mortally wounded, and died during the night; General Oglesby was also severely wounded; Colonel Baker and Lieutenant-Colonel Mills, of the 2d Iowa Infantry, were wounded, both of whom died a few days later.

During the night this division, being greatly exhausted, was moved farther to the right, and the line which they had held was occupied by the division of General Stanley. In this rearrangement of forces, the so-called Ohio Brigade, commanded by Colonel John W. Fuller, of the 27th Ohio, occupied the line to the right and left of Battery Robinet.

In order that the disposition of General Stanley's division in relation to the rebel forces may be fully understood, the ground they occupied should be described. As I have said, Battery Robinet was but little, if any, more than a half mile from the town. It was between the Mobile & Ohio and the Memphis & Charleston railroads—not more than 200 yards east of the latter, and within a few yards of the Chewalla wagon road. It was perhaps two-thirds of the distance from the foot of the gradual slope, which rose north and northeast of the town to the crest of the ridge. Beyond the crest of the ridge was a forest. Originally the timber had extended considerably south of the ridge between the Chewalla road and the Mobile & Ohio railroad, coming down nearly to Fort Rob-

inet. But the trees had been felled with the tops outwardly from the fort up to the crest of the ridge, many of the limbs had been sharpened, and as the ground was thickly strewn with brush and logs, they formed a tolerably effective abattis. The railroads in crossing this ridge passed through deep cuts, both cuts being quite deep at their nearest approach to Battery Robinet.

The afternoon of the 3d had been exceedingly warm, and as there was no living water in any part of the field covered by the operations of the army during the day, the men were nearly famished for water. The Quarter Master, Captain J. K. Wing, was putting forth every effort possible to have water hauled out to the front by teams, but it was a slow and difficult process. I knew that there was a switch engine lying just behind one of the warehouses near the junction of the railroads, with steam up and manned by an engineer and fireman. It occurred to me that it might be used to get water out to our lines. When the attention of General Rosecrans was called to it, he ordered it sent immediately. I went to the engineer and told him what was required of him. "Well," said he, "it is a pretty dangerous experiment, but here goes." As I had been somewhat instrumental in securing an order for this business, I determined to go with him and take the chances of the experiment. I will never forget the expression of face with which he turned to me and said: "You better stand on the rear end of the flat car; if the Johnnies should happen to shoot a hole into the boiler, there is no use in all of us being scalded to death!" The water tank was about three-quarters of a mile south of Corinth. Taking a flat car and a number of empty pork barrels, he ran down to the tank, filled the engine tank and the barrels, then ran back up through the town and up the track into one of the deep cuts of the railroad just in the rear of our lines. The news ran along the lines of thirsty soldiers, who were lying flat on the ground, that there was water in the railroad cut to their rear. Immediately they began to crawl down over the embankment to fill their canteens. Each soldier who left the lines would bring about a

dozen canteens—his own and those of several of his comrades—and when he had filled them, crouching and hugging the ground, would crawl back to his place in the lines.

Between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the rebels, having moved a battery into position under cover of the woods, some four hundred yards in front of our lines, began to shell the town. This was kept up with more or less spirit until daylight, when the officers of our batteries, being able to see the position and get the range of this daring intruder, soon silenced and drove him away. The morning was occupied in skirmishing and more or less desultory fighting along our entire lines. About ten o'clock I had gone with the engineer up into the cut in the rear of the Ohio Brigade, with another car load of water. For some time there had been an ominous silence, indicating that the enemy in the woods beyond the ridge were preparing for some new and desperate move. The engine remained in the cut until the entire command in the vicinity seemed to have been supplied with water, when it slowly moved back to the railroad junction and ran behind one of the warehouses. On arriving at the warehouse, I started up the railroad track with the view of crossing over towards the right to the headquarters of General Rosecrans. I had gone but a short distance when there seemed to be a fierce engagement on our right and east of the town. I heard at the same time an unusual commotion on the street which ran parallel with the railroad. Running to the top of the railroad embankment, I saw what seemed, for a moment, to be a panic. Men, wagons, ambulances and two or three pieces of artillery, were flying pell mell down the street. Several officers, among them conspicuously General Rosecrans himself, were trying to stop the wild rush. I had not fully taken in the situation, when a regiment, in perfect order, swung into the street and swept everything before it on a double quick to the front. This slight reverse was the result of a sudden onset of the enemy on our right, in which they had captured a part of one of our batteries, and in the attempt of the company manning it to get away with a part of the guns, they had run through a regiment, throwing it into confusion, leaving the

flanks of two other regiments unprotected and making a break in our lines. Through this break a part of a rebel regiment had penetrated under the impression that they had captured the town. They were met by the 5th Minnesota Regiment, as I have described, whilst General Davies' division soon recovered the lost ground, reformed his lines and made a counter charge, supported by General Hamilton's division, by which they recaptured the battery and drove the enemy in confusion back into the woods on our right and east of the town. In all this the 5th Minnesota Infantry and the 17th Iowa were conspicuously gallant.

Almost simultaneously with this movement the guns in Batteries Williams and Robinet began to pour forth volley after volley in startling and deafening chorus. At first I thought they were shelling the rebel lines on our right to aid the movement just described, but on looking to the crest of the ridge north of the town and beyond Fort Robinet, I saw four columns of the rebel army emerging from the woods and coming over the ridge. At first they seemed to be in line, forming almost a solid front from the column on the right to that on the left. The column advancing in the road, however, moved faster and was soon considerably in advance of the others, as the two columns on the right of the road, especially, were impeded by the fallen trees and brush. The batteries were pouring into these approaching columns a terrific fire with deadly aim. But aside from the men manning the guns of the batteries, and here and there an officer walking back and forth on the flanks and in the rear of Robinet, not a man could be seen to confront and repel this portending charge. In face of the fearful slaughter of the batteries, the rebel columns had approached within less than one hundred yards of Robinet, when, with the common impulse of the veteran soldier, the entire Ohio Brigade and the 11th Missouri Infantry sprang to their feet and in quick succession poured volley after volley into the oncoming columns. Where but a moment before no living man was to be seen, there seemed to come up out of the earth a swarm of men extending nearly across the angle from one railroad to the other, and for a few moments the incessant

fire from their muskets had the appearance of one unbroken flame of fire, covering the whole field with an impenetrable cloud of smoke. It was more than human courage could withstand, the rebel columns wavered and recoiled, and then a retreat began, and when the 11th Missouri and 27th and 63d Ohio rushed forward with fixed bayonets, it became a rout. Many threw down their arms and surrendered rather than take the chances of a retreat, exposed to the fearful fire in passing over the open space back to the cover of the timber. Some of the officers, however, even after the first recoil from the blaze of musketry, were conspicuous in an attempt to rally their broken lines and renew the charge. In this last vain endeavor Colonel Rogers, of the 2d Texas Infantry, commanding a brigade, fell mortally wounded, after having absolutely reached the ditch in front of the battery. This was the final death struggle of the battle of Corinth.

The writer of this article disclaims any attempt to give a full account of the battle of Corinth. It was begun with the single purpose of relating some of the incidents connected with the charge on Battery Robinet. In order to do this it seemed necessary to describe some of the movements which led to this final supreme effort of the rebels, and incidentally to relate how the writer happened to be in position to have a full view of this heroic charge and no less heroic defense.

(Conclusion in next number.)

LOST IN A SNOW STORM.

BY EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM LARRABEE.

The winter of 1856-7 was unusually severe in the northwest—in fact, none ever equalled it in the memory of the oldest settler. Snow fell to an enormous depth, and the mercury not infrequently ranged from 20° to 40° below zero for several days in succession. A series of great storms—now called “blizzards”—from the boreal regions—swept the prairies, whirling the dust of the powdery snow in a wild dance and piling up

large banks wherever natural or artificial obstacles interrupted their turbulent course. During that long and severe winter nearly all the deer in northern Iowa were destroyed, some freezing, others starving to death, still others getting fast in the deep, crust-covered snow, and being killed by the merciless settlers while in this helpless condition. Few of the frontier people were prepared for such a winter, and certainly none had anticipated it. Thousands suffered for want of sufficient clothing and fuel, and many a man, overtaken by a blinding storm, or tired out wading through the deep snow, froze to death on the prairie, perhaps only a stone's throw from home.

Such winters are fortunately a rare occurrence, even in the Northwest. Moreover, the people of this region have learned to provide for cold weather, and probably keep now as comfortable and get as much enjoyment out of the cold season as their countrymen east or south.

During the month of December, 1856, with my year's earnings in my pocket, I journeyed through the southeastern part of Minnesota with a view to select a good quarter section of government land. I finally made my choice, and then, to enter the land, set out for Winona, where the land office was located.

On the morning of the 23d of December, I left Mantorville and walked to Rochester, a distance of about seventeen miles, where I arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It had commenced snowing before I reached that town, but anxious to make a few more miles before dark, and hoping to find an inn on the road, I took lunch at Rochester and again pursued my journey.

As night approached a fierce wind arose and inwrapped me in blinding eddies of snow. The road followed a ridge between the Zumbro and Root rivers. There was no house, no fence or other landmark in sight. At first a well-beaten track served as my guide, but this was soon obliterated by the drifting snow. I found that I had lost the road and was forced to rely upon the wind to indicate my course. The snow was from one and a half to two feet deep and was covered with an icy

crust. Having already walked more than twenty miles, I plodded wearily through the sea of snow.

The wind increased in severity as the night wore along, and every new gust seemed to be ushered in by a more furious howl. The high, treeless prairie presented no obstacles to the icy wave. As the blasts swept by me they seemed to penetrate every pore of my body. I was but thinly clad. Like other new comers, I had not yet learned to properly protect myself against the severity of the western winter. I wore neither overcoat nor overshoes, a pair of stockings and cowhide boots forming my sole foot-gear. For a few steps the snow would bear my weight and then give suddenly way below me; and as I fell headlong upon the snow or broke through its crust, the fine crystals worked into my boots and gradually melting there, chilled my feet till their numbness reminded me that they were beginning to freeze. My body, however, was perspiring freely from the severe physical exercise, and perhaps also in consequence of the fear occasioned by the thought of freezing to death.

I had probably traveled eight or nine hours and was from ten to twelve miles out from Rochester before I fully realized the desperateness of my situation. I had no means of knowing how far I had strayed from the high road; I had walked mile after mile without discovering the least trace of a settlement, and the chances of finding a human habitation during the remainder of the night were small indeed. The whole landscape seemed to be wrapped in a cloud of white dust, and unless the glimmer of a light happened to penetrate the snow-filled air, I was almost as likely to step upon a mile stone below the snow as to find a human residence while groping my way through the blinding storm.

It could not be far from midnight, and as I was well aware that farmers are wont to retire early, the hope of being rescued by a guiding light appeared to me extremely slight.

Somewhat discouraged, I paused to consider the advisability of turning around to find my way back to Rochester, but a moment's reflection convinced me of the utter impracticability

of such an undertaking. I had but little chance to successfully retrace my steps. Besides this, it would have been an all night's journey, and I was too much exhausted for such a task. The growing numbness of my feet and the drowsiness which was gradually stealing upon me, made me realize more and more the extreme danger into which I had placed myself. Feeling that possibly I had but a very few hours, at the farthest, during which I could hope to use my lower extremities, I determined to make the best of my time and pushed on.

The rage of the storm seemed to increase from minute to minute. Toward midnight, with a temperature of from 20° to 40° below zero, the wind blew at a rate of from thirty to fifty miles an hour. Overpowered by the conviction that I could not hold out much longer, I occasionally halloed as loud as my strength would permit, in the hope of making myself heard by some one. But the maddened winds only seemed to mock my efforts.

With death staring me in the face, I could not help speculating upon the probable fate of my body. It flashed through my mind that the wolves would be likely to pick my bones, and that when my skeleton would be found in the spring and my identity discovered or surmised, the newspapers would contain an item to the effect that I had been found dead on the prairie between Rochester and Winona, that presumably I had partaken too freely of strong liquor, and straying from the road, had frozen to death. As I had never even tasted of liquor, this thought worried me greatly and seemed to revive my flagging energies. From that day to this I have been careful not to ascribe any serious accident to intoxication, unless indications clearly justified such a charge.

While these and similar thoughts were still engaging my mind, I came to a partially constructed pioneer cabin. The structure consisted only of four walls of roughly joined logs. It had neither roof nor door, nor window, and the logs were not even chinked. Some one had probably commenced building this cabin on his claim late in the fall but had been compelled by the approach of winter to abandon it.

The discovery of this symbol of pioneer civilization in the snowy desert greatly encouraged me and I at once resolved to make it my headquarters for further explorations. A short survey of this airy resort fully convinced me that to rest here was to surrender to grim death without a struggle. Remembering that there is a well marked disposition among pioneers to settle in clusters, I determined to walk in a wide circle around this embryo cabin in the hope of finding some human habitation near it.

Taking a radius of about sixty or eighty rods, I proceeded to carry out my plan. I had passed not much more than half around the circle, when, after surmounting a long swell in the prairie, I discovered a small grove in the distance. I at once abandoned my former base and quickened my steps, fully assured that if there was a house anywhere upon that wide prairie, it would be found in the shelter of the grove before me. I had not advanced very far when I espied a faint glimmer of light proceeding, as it seemed to me, from a snow bank across a small ravine. Flying in the direction of this light as fast as my benumbed feet would carry me, I presently found myself before a small log cabin, which was half buried in a snow drift. It had but one little window, of which the lower portion was hidden by the snow, while its upper panes were so thickly covered with frost that they scarcely permitted the light to pass through them.

The joy which I experienced at the sight of this lowly cabin may be imagined, but cannot be described. I rapped loudly on the door and, when it was opened, did not even wait for an invitation to enter, but boldly stepped in. The house was occupied by a Mrs. Foot, with her three sons. After they had listened to the brief story of my cold adventure, the young men pulled off my boots and then brought in a pail of water to thaw out my frozen feet. They gave me a warm supper and a bed on the floor of the small attic. I slept close to the stovepipe and had a good night's rest. Never shall I forget the hospitality which I received at the hands of these kind-hearted people. From them I learned that theirs was the only

house within one mile of the main road for a distance of twenty miles, and that several persons had frozen to death on that road the previous winter.

The next morning, with the mercury hovering about the point of congelation, I walked fifteen miles to St. Charles, and on Christmas morning I proceeded from there to Winona. The wind had given away to a complete calm, and as I came in sight of that city a most beautiful spectacle, only to be seen in such a climate, presented itself to my eyes. The smoke from hundreds of chimneys rose in almost perpendicular columns until it seemed to vanish in the azure sky. Beyond the city lay the crystallized level of the majestic Mississippi, bordered by the snow-covered bluffs of the Wisconsin shore.

I went to the land office and, after paying a premium of five per cent for exchange of my wild-cat money for gold, entered my quarter section of land, and then turned my face toward my Iowa home, which I reached a day or two before the close of the old year, after having walked more than 600 miles in the midst of the severe weather of that extraordinary winter.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

FROM MUSCATINE TO WINCHESTER.

BY THAD. L. SMITH.

(Continued from April number.)

BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL.

The column, Hovey's division in advance, reached Bolton Station about 4 P. M. on the 15th. Here our advance guard encountered the enemy's pickets, and a sharp skirmish ensued. Having driven the pickets about a mile, the skirmishers were withdrawn, a position chosen, the line of battle formed, our own pickets put out, arms stacked, and the men ordered to remain close to their guns.

A few, however, paid a hurried visit to Bolton Station, cap-

turing a supply of meal, bacon, sugar, etc., with something a little new in the line of captures—a few gallons of excellent brandy, which even the men of the “Temperance Regiment” could not resist tasting although none partook freely enough to render their joints limber or their steps unsteady. The troops had become accustomed to coming in contact with the enemy’s pickets, and thought little about the force in front. A battle was one of the things liable to occur any day, and anticipating it was neither profitable nor pleasant. Yet after darkness set in there was an unusual quietude in camp, as if inspired by a presentiment of the terrible ordeal of the morrow. It was not a fear that occasioned this, but a conjecture of a possible occurrence in the event of a battle, and thence a turning of the mind towards the loved ones of the home circle. Morning came; still all was silent in front. The sun rose clear and warm. The advance moved out about 6 o’clock, going cautiously and slowly in the direction of the foe. About 8 o’clock the line of battle was formed some three miles from the encampment of last night. General Hovey’s division took position on the right of the main road leading to Vicksburg via Champion Hill. The lines were formed in the edge of the timber skirting the hill. Skirmishers were immediately thrown out, and the enemy discovered to be posted on the ridge of the hill about three-fourths of a mile from the point at which the road begins its winding ascent. A thick growth of timber beginning at the base and extending over and beyond the narrow ridge rendered it very difficult to discover his exact position. The country was much broken by deep, narrow ravines, which made the advance extremely exhausting and difficult. Hovey’s division being foremost, it devolved upon him to bring on the engagement. Skirmishing had been progressing more or less briskly for nearly two hours. At 10 o’clock the skirmishers were withdrawn, and an advance ordered. Then came the lull that precedes the storm. The first brigade led off, bearing towards the right gradually, and covering the main road. Upon reaching the crest of the first line of hills they received and gave a terrible volley. The second brigade, pressing for-

ward as rapidly and in as good order as the nature of the ground would permit, arrived a moment later and were similarly greeted and similarly responded. The first line of the enemy retired a short distance to their main line, their batteries continuing to play mercilessly on their advancing foes who were loading and firing as they went. An open field intervening on the left of the road between the enemy's main line and the second brigade, he was observed to be posted on the rise of ground just beyond, a position from which he would be able to rake with a withering fire of musketry and artillery the entire space. Two regiments of the second brigade, the 28th Iowa and the 56th Ohio, were ordered to move to the left of the open space, and take a position in a ravine near the center of the field. The 24th was ordered to move up on the left of the first brigade, which advanced at double quick on the enemy's lines, the right swinging round and partially flanking the enemy's line, and compelling it to retire. The 24th was then ordered to cross the upper right-hand corner of the field, which it did under a severe discharge of grape and canister from a battery located on an eminence near the opposite corner of the field, and in a position commanding the main road winding around the right, and a by-road which leading up on the left, intersected the main road near the point of its location. The main road making a sharp turn to the left, the regiment passed over it, and leaving the line of the first brigade lying down, halted in a shallow ravine a short distance in advance. The battery on the immediate left and the musketry in front kept the air full of deadly missiles, most of them passing harmlessly over them. But the gunners perceiving that the line was not advancing, quickly became more accurate in their aim, and the regiment was losing men every moment. Capt. Martin, of Company I, discovering the exact position of the battery, pointed it out to Col. Byam, who after consulting a moment with Lieut. Col. Wilds, ordered it to be charged. Glad of the opportunity to escape from their present dangerous position, where they were receiving fire without being able to return it, the men rose, fixed bayonets, and rushed to the

charge. The din around them was deafening. Grape and canister from five pieces was poured into them as rapidly as the guns could be loaded and discharged, but with that fierce and burning enthusiasm which the hope of victory and the shame of defeat can only inspire in the man of true courage, alone and unsupported, they pressed forward rapidly in good order, closing up the gaps in the line as fast as they were made.

Fortunately, the distance to be passed over was not very great, and the way comparatively smooth. But the men at the guns were brave and determined, and it was not till they were shot down at their posts and captured, or driven back at the point of the bayonet, that they yielded up their destructive weapons. The regiment of Georgians in support, however, were less brave, and seeing the battery captured, and that their volley did not for a moment check their advancing foe, precipitately fled. Lieut. Col. Wilds being close up with the right, seized one of the guns and attempted to turn it upon the enemy, at the same time calling upon the men to halt.

About the time the battery fell into our hands, Major Ed Wright, who was at his post on the left, received a severe wound, compelling him to quit the field. Captain Henderson, of Company A, heard the order given to halt and succeeded in checking the right, but the left continuing in pursuit of the fleeing foe, Col. Wilds ran down the line and succeeded with great difficulty in getting those on the left to halt, but not until they had advanced more than one hundred yards beyond the battery, and extended the line to more than double its original length by reason of the halt on the right.

In the meantime the enemy's left was still unbroken, a fresh line of troops had appeared in front, and a strong force dispatched to operate on the right flank. The regiment retired by order, slowly at first, returning the concentrated fire upon it with a spirit and energy which showed how loath they were to yield up their hard-earned prize. Could they have had support on either flank at that critical moment, the fortunes of the day might have been decided then and there. But the enemy perceiving the paucity of the number opposed to them,

and the stubbornness with which they fought, attempted to surround and capture them. In this, however, they were detected, and while the center was withdrawn, the flanking companies, A and G, stubbornly resisted any approach in the rear.

Failing in this, the enemy advanced his whole line on the double quick, driving back at the same time the entire division. Left without any means of support whatever, the only means of avoiding death or capture was instantaneous flight. A spirited race ensued for more than half a mile. It was during this retreat, and the period of its attempt to retain the battery, that the regiment incurred its severest loss. Had they been sensible of the full danger of their situation and the hopelessness of retaining their prize without support when assailed on three sides by more than five times their number, they might have escaped better, but so terrible and close was the contest on front and flank, that each thought his own the only position assailed. Then, too, not more than twenty minutes were occupied in the whole adventure. It reflected great credit upon both officers and men that, though so many fell, there were but thirteen captured. Being driven beyond the open field, about 100 rallied under shelter of the same hill where they had first met the enemy's fire, and having refilled their cartridge boxes, were again advanced to assist in holding the enemy in check until reinforcements could be brought up. Soon after this, a division of McPherson's corps, under command of Brigadier General M. M. Crocker, came to their relief. The gallant charge of the 5th, 10th and 17th Iowa regiments quickly sent the rebels back to their former main line. Logan's division, striking them in the rear, and threatening to cut off their escape to Vicksburg, decided the contest at once. The bliss of that moment repaid them for all their past toil, suffering and danger. The faces begrimed with powder and dust relaxed their stolid and determined expression, and shout answering shout went ringing through the forest aisles.

Then came the lull after victory, and the hurried, anxious inquiries concerning the fate of absent comrades. A few only

were allowed to go to the assistance of the wounded, while the remainder were marched over the same road where they had fought so stubbornly during the day, and upon either side of which were scattered their dead and wounded comrades. Reaching Baker's creek about dark, the division went into camp. Never can the aspect of the regiment on that night be effaced from memory. Nearly one-half the number engaged were either killed or wounded. The survivors clustering around their log fires carefully described to one another the incidents of the day, where a comrade had fallen and the character and location of his wounds. The proud joy of victory had been mellowed down to soberness by the memory of the sacrifice of smoking blood upon the field, the pale still forms of the dead, the agonized features of the wounded, and the thoughts of sorrowing hearts at home. Deeply did the soldiers of Companies C and H lament the fall of their gallant captains. Captain Silas D. Johnson had fallen near the battery just after its capture. In the retreat an attempt was made to assist him off the field by Captain Martin. Making a determined effort he bounded to his feet, and, with the assistance at hand, walked about ten steps, when his muscles relaxed, his eyes grew dim, and he dropped like a withered leaf. He was carried about thirty yards further, when the enemy coming up, killed Captain Huey of his company, thus compelling the others to abandon him. He had been an earnest, efficient and gallant officer. In addition to these qualities of the soldier he possessed a social, humorous disposition which rendered his appearance in the circle about the camp-fire always welcome. He had fallen in the hottest of the fray while leading his men forward before the tide had turned against us. Captain William Carbee had fallen far in front of the battery, at the moment of checking the further advance of his company. Above the ordinary height, erect and well formed, his fine appearance had made him the mark of some rebel sharpshooter. Modest, social, brave and earnest, the community at home lost a valuable citizen and our country a model soldier. Lieutenant Chauncey Lawrence was killed at the outset of the charge. Possessing a weak constitu-

tion, he had struggled long and well to perform his whole duty to his country, and fell while gallantly advancing to meet its common foe. The closeness and severity of the contest is attested by the long list of casualties and the mortal character of the wounds received. Of 55 officers and men in Company A, 31 were killed and wounded. But 6 of the 31 men even so far recovered as to return to the company. Of the regiment 45 fell dead upon the field, 39 were never removed from the field hospital, except as they were transferred to their graves, 28 were crippled for life. Thus 112 were dropped from the rolls by reason of this one engagement. Besides these there were 40 severely wounded, 20 more slightly, and 12 captured, making in the aggregate 193. The appended list contains the entire loss to each company. The whole number of men and officers engaged was 417, as ascertained just before the engagement began. All the Companies were engaged except Company B, which had been previously detailed as provost guard at corps headquarters.

An incident connected with the wounding of Major Ed Wright is worthy of mention. As previously mentioned, immediately after the capture of the battery, the Major was severely wounded across the thighs, rendering it necessary for him to quit the field. While the regiment was yet advancing, one of the gunners who had been "playing possum," a mode frequently employed to escape capture, discovering how short the line was, rose up in its rear and attempted to escape capture by passing around the left flank. The Major, being too severely wounded to get off the field without assistance, although able to stand, was still at the place where he had received his wounds and observed the rebel coming. Although unarmed himself, he called out to the man in gray to halt and surrender. The peremptory manner in which this was done led the startled rebel to suppose that the summons was not without the means to enforce a halt should he refuse. Concluding therefore that "prudence was the better part of valor," he surrendered. Having thus brought him to and finding him without arms, the Major passed his arm around his neck, and lean-

ing upon him for support, was enabled to reach the field hospital and turn over his quondam captive to the guards stationed there.

The evening following the first hard battle is a well remembered era in the history of every military organization. In the heat of battle, victory is the ruling passion and thoroughly absorbs all the thoughts. All men more or less dread the fiery ordeal before the storm comes on, but in its midst the most timid will struggle manfully for victory. He who has formed a resolution that he will not fight before the contest opens must not follow his comrades to the breach if he would not break it. The horrors presented on the field scarcely receive a passing notice at the time of their occurrence. The whole attention is engaged in the one object of defeating the foe. But when the contest is once decided, in the first moment of reflection the memory passes quietly back over the scenes of the day, and the pictures of blood, of wounds, and the dead, and the sounds of battle, the war of musketry and artillery, the whistling of balls, the shouts of victory, the groans of the wounded and the dying—all come thronging upon the mind, kindling emotions never felt before. Imagination leads the troubled soul homeward for relief. Visions of happiness there float in upon this present sea of blood. How anxiously friends will scan the list of casualties. It is with a sigh of relief that the soldier feels able to lift off the burden of their anxiety, a thrill of joy that he can tell of victory now, and a saddened heart, more sad than others may suppose, that he recounts the names of the brave who have fallen by his side. Assembled about the log fires, the scenes of the day are repeated as each saw them—where a comrade fell and where wounded; where the enemy retired, and where he stubbornly resisted, and in fine all the incidents of the tumultuous fray are there repeated with the interest of their first production. The wounded are being speedily collected in the field hospital immediately in the rear of the battle-ground by the ambulance corps. There might be seen busy surgeons and attendants dressing wounds, amputating limbs, extracting balls, feeding

and caring, as circumstances best afforded, for the unfortunate in battle. The chaplains, too, were busy, for one after another the mortally wounded are passing to eternity. It is a quiet, busy, bloody scene. Scarcely a moan is heard from the hundreds of suffering, dying men, strewn around. In low, sad accents the message to friends at home is whispered to the chaplain, and the dying prayer reaches across the stream of time and murmurs the arrival of another heroic soul to the spirit world. The dead are being buried by the pioneer corps. The graves of forty-five of the 24th are upon the crest of the hill on either side of the road, near the spot where they fell. Let those who would doubt the severity of the conflict visit the spot where they sleep. If the ax does not invade their cemetery, the oaks many centuries hence will stand as living monuments of the heroes who fell on the 16th day of May, 1863. The memorial of their valorous deeds is inscribed upon a thousand trunks by the death-dealing missiles of Mars, less graceful, indeed, but more thrilling and truthful than the happiest efforts of the chisel of Canova.

According to the official report of General Grant, the burden of the battle had fallen upon General Hovey's division. Its loss exceeded half the entire loss of all the troops engaged. In consequence of this, the division was allowed a few days for rest, while the remainder of the army followed rapidly in the track of the retreating foe. The division left Baker's Creek upon the afternoon of the 17th, and went into camp near Edwards Station. Here our troops had captured a train loaded with ammunition and commissary stores. The enemy had set fire to it and succeeded in partially destroying it, but there remained a quantity of sugar, molasses, meal and bacon, uninjured, which proved very acceptable to our hungry boys. The village of but five or six buildings had been turned into a hospital for the rebel wounded. All the buildings were crowded and the commons were strewn over with cotton upon which they had been placed. Many of them had been removed to Vicksburg by the cars, which doubtless accounted for our capture of the loaded train of supplies. The prisoners, 2,000,

were brought up the next morning, and having received a share of our captured meal and bacon, were marched on towards Vicksburg. The division again moved out at 4 P. M. on the 19th, and the regiment encamped on the west bank of Black River near the charred skeleton of what had been the magnificent railroad bridge. The river here is a deep, narrow, muddy stream. There were three piers, one upon either side and one in the center of the stream. The center pier could not have been less than forty feet, and may have reached fifty feet in height. There is more than a mile of trestle work leading up to the bridge from the east side, while the railroad passes out upon level ground on the west side. Beyond the trestle work the enemy had constructed a low, irregular line of earth-works, with a narrow, deep bayou in front facing an open level strip of land. From these works the gallant charge of the 22d and 23d Iowa regiments had routed the demoralized foe. The charge was made on the left of the works and near the railroad, and must have been very sudden and resolute to have succeeded so admirably. That they might be enabled to fire more rapidly, the enemy had prepared their cartridges and laid them before them on the works, where many of them still remained unused. Another line of works had been constructed upon the brow of the abrupt bluff rising on the west side of the stream. From these works a flank movement of the 15th Corps under General W. T. Sherman had driven the enemy in hot haste on the morning of the 17th. Immediately below the bridge were the wrecks of three steamers burned by the enemy to prevent capture. We could now hear the booming of cannon in the direction of Vicksburg. The first brigade moved on directly from Edwards Station to Vicksburg. The regiment was ordered on the morning of the 20th to proceed about three miles up the river to guard a bridge which had been thrown over it for the purpose of crossing another flanking column. About 4 P. M. orders were received to destroy the bridge, and return where orders awaited us to go forward towards Vicksburg. The column, setting out about dark, dragged slowly through the darkness for seven miles, where a halt ensued until

morning, when it was again ordered back to the bridge. Somebody had been ordered back to guard the crossing at Black River, and somebody had countermanded the order. The loss of a night's rest and a march of eighteen miles was the sum of our casualties. There was a little grumbling, but no matter. "It all goes in three years." Having settled down to our old camp, foraging parties were sent out to secure such articles of subsistence as the country afforded. Meal, beef, bacon, poultry and sugar were forthcoming; these, with blackberries for dessert, and we lived. The muddy waters of Black River were made more muddy by hundreds of hands mingling with them the accumulated dirt of a month's campaign from their bodies and clothing. It was a noisy, busy, tumultuous scene, and *many lives were doubtless sacrificed* in the operation.

The news of Sherman's success at Haines Bluff on the 18th, reached us on the morning of the 20th. We did not anticipate the immediate capture of Vicksburg, and hardly dared hope for an immediate opening of our long severed communications, but the news, accompanied by a mail, we were by no means disposed to doubt. From that hour all felt that the campaign was destined to be successful. Vicksburg, if not already fallen, must soon fall. Our wagons were immediately started to the new base for supplies. If there had been any doubting circumstances before, there were none now. Meantime the cannon continued to roll back their thunders from the besieged city, announcing the steady progress of the fight. The terrible assault of the 22d was heralded to our ears by a louder and more continuous roar of artillery. When it died away we thought the victory won, but the same heralds announced a continuance of the fight on the following morning. On the 24th inst. we again set out for Vicksburg. Arriving about sundown, the regiment went into camp about a mile below the Vicksburg & Jackson railroad, which at that time was the extreme left of the line.

It was some ten or twelve miles from here to Chickasaw Bayou, our base of supplies. The camp was, as were all the others, in a deep ravine. The batteries on the hill above us

were firing at the time, and many were very anxious to look over at our friends in gray. Going heedlessly up over its brow, they were first discovered by their friends, who sent them a few leaden signals of welcome, which caused them to return with somewhat wiser notions of the uncertainty of life. The lesson of caution, however, was not valueless, for, being ordered to move to the ravine in front on the following day, they took good care, as the circumstances required, to elude the vigilant eyes of the foe. The batteries protected by earth-works and trenches at the base of the hill occupied by the rebel forts were already in progress. The crests of the hills frowning with forts and artillery occupied by the opposing forces were but little more than half a mile from one another, not so far but that the gunners were obliged to keep well concealed to elude the bullets of the sharpshooters, who were concealed in gorges a short distance in advance of the works. The rebel artillery seldom replied. When one did have the audacity to fire a shot, not less than twenty guns would be turned upon their fort, raking it from every quarter except its immediate rear. The work in the trenches was performed principally at night. At dark pickets were thrown out by both sides, and all musketry firing suspended until daylight returned. The pickets were within speaking distance of one another, and at first were inclined to be social and communicative, but the rebels soon discontinued this. The trenches were used during the day for rifle pits. They were advanced at acute angles with the rebel line of works, the dirt being thrown upon the side next to the enemy. They were from two to four feet deep, according to the nature of the ground. In exposed places they were deep, and in small ravines and partially covered places were shallower. Bales of cotton and bundles of cane were used in advancing them to cover the working parties. Once or twice only during the siege did they fire upon the parties. At such time they were compelled to first withdraw their pickets, and thus give the alarm to those at work. These uniting with the pickets at such times were prepared to return the compliment. The enemy being compelled to appear upon

the parapets of the forts, were first permitted to fire into the harmless cotton bales, while they were greeted with a shower of balls from the trenches at the same instant. After a few lessons of this kind, they resorted to no more dangerous means of preventing our near approach to their works than by threats and remonstrances. Thus the work went forward steadily until each principal work of the enemy's fortifications was environed with a net-work of safe approaches from almost every direction in their front. There are miles of trenches there that cost many weary nights' labor. For more than a week previous to the surrender conversation could be carried on without any very great effort between those in the trenches and those in the forts. Thus, in the very heat of contest, when each was awaiting a favorable opportunity of shooting the other, taunts were bandied back and forth between foes. "Hellò, Yank, have you got any hard tack to spare?" "Yes, look out!" and over would go a hard tack into the rebel fort. "Hello, reb, how do you like Champion Hill?" Back would come the response: "How do you like the 22d of May?" "How are you, mule steak?" The enemy were very anxious to obtain news from the outer world, and generally came on picket prepared to exchange Vicksburg papers for Northern papers. The traffic in tobacco and hard bread was carried on briskly while it was permitted, but this was stopped in consequence of other less harmless articles being conveyed within the enemy's lines by persons less loyal than money-loving.

It had been ascertained that the enemy lacked a sufficient supply of caps, and in one or two instances had received them from our soldiers, or those professing to be soldiers, at the rate of \$40 per canteen full. Notwithstanding the impossibility of exposing the smallest portion of the body without experiencing that unpleasant sensation produced by the whizzing of a minie ball in close proximity to the exposed part, there were but few casualties resulting from this during the entire siege. There were more wounds received from pieces of shells torn

off by our rifled guns and their premature explosions, than from any other source.

As the infantry were far in advance of the artillery, the howling of these monster shells overhead was at times terrific. At night the scene was especially grand. The mortars, which were on the opposite side of the city, would then join their hoarse roar to the conflict. These monster shells from the east would join them in their work of destruction in the city. First was seen a flash like a distant flash of lightning, lighting up the whole western horizon; then the bright light of the burning fuse ascending at an angle of 45° . Having reached an altitude of perhaps a mile, it would begin its descent, which was announced by the deep roar of the mortar, and followed up by the hoarse howl of the shell through the air. When within a hundred feet of the ground, the shell would usually burst with a bright flash, scattering its two hundred pounds of fragments in every direction and making a noise equal to the discharge of a six-pound gun. This display of fireworks, although beautiful to our eyes, could not have been very entertaining to the besieged. Our camp was well protected from the ingress of balls except in one direction. There was a battery stationed on a hill above the camp and when firing at the gunners the rebel bullets dropped in our camp. There were three wounded, one mortally, when it was found necessary to change camp. A very slight change in its location was necessary to render the camp a safe one.

On the 8th of June Col. Byam, who had done but little duty during the entire campaign, having received a leave of absence, again left the regiment. Had it been his resignation all would have been satisfied. As it was, there was great dissatisfaction among the officers and men. During the ten months of service he had not been with the regiment much above two months. This fact, connected with the circumstances of an indisposition overtaking him at the outset of the battle of May 1, and incapacitating him for further duty during the day, had operated disastrously to his reputation in the regiment. This had occasioned the worst of the conflicting accounts of his conduct

at Champion Hill to be accepted as true by a great many. His own account of his conduct there is certainly somewhat extraordinary. He says he led his men to the battery swinging his hat, and called out to the men to come on, and that while doing this his hat was blown to atoms in his hand, and that he offered a reward of five dollars for a piece as large as his hand. Now this is his own account. I have not been able to find any one who saw him in the advance of the line at any time during the day, much less at that moment. Neither was any one able to discover the coveted piece of shattered felt. What Col. Byam might have been had not his health failed him we cannot determine, but certain it is that Vicksburg afterwards fell without his being present. If born to command, he, as a sick man, is certainly entitled to the honor of having his name enrolled among the illustrious successors of Esau.

Remnants of our baggage, which had been stored upon barges at Millikin's Bend, began to come up early in June. Nearly all that was valuable had been stolen, and the greater part of the camp equipage lost. But the weather was warm, and all that was required for comfort was a shelter from the sun and rain. The water in ravines was easily obtained by digging and was tolerably good. Still, the severe duty of one day and night in the trenches, together with the duties out every three days, caused considerable sickness among the men, although not of a very fatal character. Occasional rumors of a heavy force under Johnston approaching our rear were circulated, but the worst he could do would be to assist the beleaguered garrison to escape capture, and but few entertained any uneasiness on that score. All became accustomed to their daily routine of danger and duty, and labored cheerfully and fearlessly with a view to its early, glorious consummation. Scaling ladders were being prepared and placed in the advance pits by the first of July, and it became rumored about that a charge would be made on the enemy's works. The prospect of cutting a route through wire fences and a line of sharpened stakes, leaping ditches and then mounting the works by means of a ladder, in the face of a vigorous resistance, was not very

pleasant, surely. Nor is it likely that such was the intention of Gen. Grant, unless hardly pressed in the rear by a superior force. Every preparation, however, which could be employed to secure success was made. Happily, however, hunger was accomplishing more than skill and gallantry could effect.

Their long expected relief by the forces under Johnston had failed them, and the lean finger of famine pointed to capitulation or death by starvation. It was not difficult to determine the nature and cause of the flag of truce on the 3d inst. Yet we did not anticipate the extraordinary pleasure of witnessing the transfer of our glorious banners from our own to the rebel works on the coming morning of our national birthday, as well as the imposing surrender of 30,000 men, together with the immense munitions of war collected there to resist our approach. Such, however, was the case. Let those who can, if any such there be, fittingly represent in words the spectacle of joy presented among the bronzed heroes of that memorable campaign. Three months had elapsed since the inauguration of this last successful campaign for the capture of that rebel stronghold, the key to the Mississippi river, and the bolt which held firmly together the states east and west of its mighty flood. The long, weary days of danger, toil and exposure, the bloody conflicts of Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, Millikin's Bend, and the fearful charge of May 22, had not been in vain. What wonder that the heroes of these battles and marches greeted the white emblems of submission with mighty cheers, as one after another they took the places of the rebel banners upon the principal works of their line. What wonder that tears of joy should start into eyes unused to weeping, as the loved old banner of freedom supplanted these! Who, of all the mighty host that witnessed it, will ever forget it? The soldiers of the two armies forgot past animosities and mingled freely together wherever permitted. Our boys cheerfully shared their rations with their half-famished foes. Many a high-born Southerner will remember the zest with which he partook of his dinner on

that Fourth of July, although it consisted of nothing more than hard tack, pork and coffee.

During the latter part of the siege Johnston had been hovering about our rear, threatening an attack for the relief of the beleaguered garrison. His headquarters were at Jackson, about fifty miles eastward, where it was said he had collected a force of 30,000 men. Accordingly in the midst of the rejoicings on the 4th came the order to be prepared to march against him at 5 o'clock in the morning. The force under command of General Sherman consisted of the 9th, 13th and 15th corps. Our corps, the 13th, was now under command of General E. O. C. Ord, Gen. John A. McClernand having been removed for misconduct during the progress of the siege. The immediate cause of his removal, it was said, was the issuance of a congratulatory order to his troops of the 13th corps, without having submitted it for approval to General Grant, in which he arrogated to himself and command more of the glory of the preceding successes than rightfully belonged to him and them. He was undoubtedly ambitious, and perhaps jealous of the successful advancement of his superiors in command. But he was well-esteemed by his troops, and his removal was the occasion of some dissatisfaction among both officers and men. Gen. Ord, however, was accounted an able officer and the dissatisfaction soon died away. The column moved out in the morning and proceeded by easy marches toward Jackson, where Johnston had collected his forces, and having repaired and strengthened the defenses, promised a second siege. The lines were closed in about the defenses on the morning of the 12th. The troops, having laid on their arms the night before, were ordered to advance in the morning as near to the enemy's works as possible, without incurring any great danger by reason of their proximity. Gen. Hovey's division was posted second from the right on the line, the 24th being formed across the Jackson & Raymond road.

The line advanced in good order, driving in the enemy's pickets and halted within long rifle range of their works. By reason of some terrible blunder the 4th division on our right,

under command of Gen. Lauman, immediately charged the works. There was a well-constructed abattis in front of the earthworks for several hundred yards. The attempt was madness. No line of infantry could have passed through it if unopposed, much less could they do it in the face of a terrible fire from the artillery and infantry in the forts. About 2,000 fell without having been able to injure the enemy, who were well protected, at least. This tragic scene on the right having passed over, firing along the lines was confined to an occasional duel between batteries and skirmishers. In consequence of the musket balls and occasional discharges of grape and canister reaching camp, it was deemed necessary to construct earthworks for protection. These were completed on the 13th, but not until two in the regiment had been wounded, one mortally.

Preparations were immediately begun for crossing the 9th corps over Pearl river, and thus cut off the enemy's retreat, but Johnston discovering this, suddenly evacuated on the 17th inst. On the morning of the 18th, our pickets seeing no enemy went over into the city. By 6 o'clock they had returned, loaded with tobacco. Gen. Hovey soon afterward riding up the road over which our regiment was posted, and observing things somewhat lax, as he supposed, began in his impetuous manner the delivery of sundry orders and rebukes.

A broad grin was visible on the countenances of all gathered around him. Orders and rebukes only came faster and thicker, until one of our officers interrupting him informed him that our skirmishers and sharpshooters had just returned from the city and had found no enemy there. "Orderly! Orderly! go and inform Gen. Ord that my skirmishers now occupy the enemy's rifle pits. Be quick." Then there was a rattling of sabres flashing in the bright rays of the morning sunlight, and the General and his staff rapidly disappeared down the road. The information had doubtless given them all an excellent relish for breakfast.

Concluded in next number.

A PIONEER OF TERRITORIAL TIMES.

REMINISCENCES OF KISHKEKOSH COUNTY.

BY B. F. GUE.

James Hilton, one of the notable pioneers of southern Iowa, who is a fair type of our young men who came west fifty years ago, visited the Historical Rooms at the Capitol in April. He was born in Columbia county, New York, in 1816. In 1824, when eight years of age, his father took him to Newburg to see the great French patriot and nobleman, General LaFayette, of Revolutionary fame, who was then making his last visit to the United States. Young Hilton was one of the few boys who shook hands with that friend and companion in arms with Washington, who was loved and revered by all Americans. When a young man Hilton opened a drug store in New York City near Bond street. The upper story of the building was occupied by George Catlin, the famous Indian writer, traveler and portrait painter. In Catlin's studio Mr. Hilton often met Black Hawk and other noted Indian chiefs, who frequently visited this friend and historian of their race. A warm friendship sprang up between the young druggist and the great artist, and Mr. Catlin secured for Mr. Hilton a position in the American Fur Company then fitting out an expedition at St. Louis to go to the Yellowstone River. Mr. Hilton started west in 1840 to join the expedition, but met with so many delays that he reached St. Louis too late, it having got off several weeks before his arrival. He had formed a very favorable opinion of the new Territory of Iowa, but remained in Missouri until the treaty was concluded with Keokuk, by which the Indian claim to the west part of the Territory was relinquished at Agency City in 1842. Mr. Hilton went up into the new purchase and took a claim in May, 1843, about six miles south of where Albia now stands. On this claim he made his first home in Iowa, and opened a farm where he has lived for fifty years. During the first year after he came to Iowa he

often met Keokuk, Appanoose, Hardfish and other Indian Chiefs.

In February, 1843, the County of "Kishkekosh" was established and named after a chief of the Fox Indians. Wareham G. Clark, in 1844, laid out a town two miles northwest of where Albia is located, and named it Clarksville. Here the first court in the new county was held.

James Hilton, who was quietly working on his farm, was surprised one day by receiving a letter from Charles Mason, one of the Territorial Judges, a copy of which we here present:

OTTUMWA, September 19, 1845.

Mr. James Hilton,

Sir:—Enclosed you will receive an appointment as Clerk of Kishkekosh county. You are authorized to use the eagle side of the American half dollar as the seal of your county, until further arrangements shall be made. I should have made an appointment sooner, but it has not yet been three weeks since I first saw the law organizing your county, and authorizing me to make the appointment. It will be wholly impossible for me to hold court in your county this fall. I shall endeavor to find time during the spring to visit you for that purpose.

Yours Truly,

CHARLES MASON.

CERTIFICATE OF APPOINTMENT.

By virtue of the authority in me vested, I hereby appoint James Hilton, of the county of Kishkekosh, Clerk of the District Court, to hold his office from this date till the end of the first term of the District Court in and for said county.

Dated this 19th day of September, A. D., 1845.

CHARLES MASON,

Judge of the 1st Judicial District, Iowa Territory.

Mr. Hilton had not been an applicant for the place and was very much surprised when notified of his appointment, as he was not even acquainted with Judge Mason.

It afterwards appeared that a "one-horse" lawyer at Keokuk was the only candidate working for the appointment, and he had secured the indorsement of a large number of his Democratic neighbors. Armed with these documents, he called upon Judge Mason, presented his credentials, and urged his claims most eloquently. The Judge listened patiently to the young man, carefully read the letters of indorsement from his kind neighbors, and remarked that he would consider the matter.

After the visitor had departed he inquired of a friend from Van Buren county if he knew of a good man for Clerk over in the new county of Kishkekosh. "Why, yes," he replied; "there is a young farmer, James Hilton, who will make a good one." "Well," says the Judge, "I don't know Mr. Hilton, but I do know this young fellow from Keokuk, who is the only candidate for the place—and I shall appoint Hilton."

John Clark, who was the Sheriff of Kishkekosh county, had put up a log cabin in the newly laid out town of Clarksville, early in the spring. It had no floor, and no door, but there was an opening on one side for an entrance. In April, 1846, when Judge Mason came to open his first term of court, the horses ridden by the Judge and lawyers were put in the log building for want of a stable. In the morning they were taken out and hitched to the trees, while the Sheriff fixed up a rude table and some benches in the cabin thus vacated, for the accommodation of the court. There was but one case on the docket, and that was soon disposed of, when the court adjourned.

Edward Johnstone, then a young man just entering upon the practice of his profession, was among the lawyers in attendance at this primitive court. He is described by Mr. Hilton as a very tall, fine-looking youth, "six feet four," with long white hair falling about the brow of one of the most majestic heads ever seen in Iowa. Several other young lawyers were present who in later years became eminent in their profession, and held important offices.

But alas! the first county seat, Clarksville, was beaten in a contest with Princeton, two miles away (now Albia), and soon after disappeared from the map of Iowa as a town. The first court house became a farm house, and even the name of the county vanished forever a year later, when the Legislature changed it to Monroe. "Kishkekosh" county and its first seat of government, "Clarksville," exist now only upon here and there an early map, or in the memory of the old pioneers.

The original letter of Judge Mason, and the commission sent to Mr. Hilton fifty years ago, written with a quill pen

on foolscap, faded and yellow with age, are now deposited in the Historical Department at Des Moines. There is little besides now in existence to remind the present and future generations that Iowa once had a county named after the forgotten Fox Chieftain, Kish-ke-kosh.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES—NORTHWESTERN IOWA

BY MAJOR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

[In the year 1866, Major William Williams, a pioneer settler of Fort Dodge, contributed to *The Iowa North West*, a weekly paper published at that place by Hon. B. F. Gue, a series of very interesting and valuable historical sketches which were continued through several months. He was a man of rare intelligence, and had distinguished himself as the commander of the relief expedition which went to Spirit Lake immediately after the inhuman massacre of the settlers by the Sioux Indians, in the spring of 1857. He saw the first settlements, when that portion of the frontier was still under military protection, and lived long enough to see the country quite thickly populated. Wielding a ready pen, and having been an active participant in public affairs, his articles possess permanent interest. From the first and second we copy the following:]

Fort Des Moines, situated at the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers, was established in May, 1843, and continued to be the outpost on the northern frontier of Iowa until the 11th of October, 1845, when it was abandoned. At that time the territory lying north, northeast and northwest of Fort Des Moines was comparatively an unexplored region of country, the habitation of the wild Sioux Indians, and ranges for buffalo and elk. The only exploration of the country north of the Raccoon Forks (Fort Des Moines) that was previously attempted, was by Captain Boone of the U. S. Dragoons, who by order of the Secretary of War marched with his company from Old Camp Des Moines, formerly a station of the U. S. dragoons, situated on the Mississippi river, and now called Montrose.

In 1848 the government surveys of the land purchased north

of the Raccoon Forks was commenced. Mr. Marsh, of Dubuque, set out from that place with his company to run the correction line from a point on the Mississippi, near Dubuque, to the Missouri river. He progressed with his work without molestation, until he and his company crossed the Des Moines. On the west bank of the river he was met by a party of Sioux Indians, under the lead of a chief named "Si-dom-i-na-do-tah," who told him that that country belonged to them, and he should proceed no farther, and ordered him to "puc-a-chee" (be off or clear out). After they had left him, on consultation, Mr. Marsh concluded to proceed. They had not proceeded a mile from the river, however, when they were attacked at a point near the head of a large ravine (south of the south line of section No. 30. T. 89, R. 28), by a large force of Indians who surrounded him and his party and robbed them of everything. They took off their horses, destroyed their wagons and surveying instruments, pulled up his stakes, tore down his mounds, and forced him and his party back across the river, to find their way home as best they could. This outrage, with others committed on families who had ventured up the Des Moines, and made claims north of the Raccoon forks, in the fall of 1849, caused the Government to determine on establishing a frontier post, and station troops to keep the Sioux Indians in check. In 1850, a portion of the 6th U. S. Infantry was stationed at Fort Dodge. After the troops arrived emigrants felt secure in settling in this northern portion of the State, and in the years of 1849 and 1850 several families settled in Boone Forks, which is embraced in Webster county. Four or five pioneers came in as early as the fall of 1849.

The Legislature of the State of Iowa, during the session of 1850-51, arranged and laid out all the north, northwestern and northeastern territory, in Iowa, into counties, and gave them names (this was done before the treaty was ratified that extinguished the Indians' title to the lands lying west of the Des Moines river). In naming the counties what is Webster county was named Yell county, and what is Hamilton county

was named Risley, in honor of two colonels who fell in the Mexican War.

At the session of the Legislature of 1852-53, the settlers then in Boone Forks, at the mouth of Boone river, the only settlement then in Yell or Risley county, for the purpose of securing a central point for themselves, as they discovered that the dividing line between the two counties ran through their settlement numbering then about fifty persons, petitioned the Legislature, and induced them to unite the two counties, Yell and Risley, into one county, which they named Webster county.

In 1850, previous to the organization, the valuation of property returned to Polk county was \$40,000. In August, 1853, the population, independent of the troops at the Fort, was about 150 souls, all of whom were located in the vicinity of Boone Forks, from eighteen to twenty miles south of Fort Dodge. They were composed principally of emigrants from Missouri, North Carolina and Indiana, with some three or four from New York. They formed a republic of their own. Law and justice was administered in their own way. Every one read the Code of Iowa, and expounded the law to suit himself. It was not long until a few troublesome characters came in and trouble commenced. Quarrels about claims and all kinds of contentions arose amongst them. (It was the privilege of all to make claims. Every man, woman and child had a claim to sell to new comers.) Little was attended to but quarrels and litigation with one another, for the first two or three years. When a law suit was to be tried, all the settlers would attend, and quite an array of men with their rifles in their hands, and each accompanied by from two to three half-starved dogs, were to be seen. Lawing, claim-jumping, trapping and hunting appeared to be the height of their ambition. Rev. J. Johns, who settled among them, preached and expounded the Scriptures for them, on the Sabbath day, when he was not too busily engaged in hunting elk and deer—or bee-hunting—or trapping.

The site of Fort Dodge was first selected for a military post

by Brevet General Mason, then Colonel of the 6th Regiment of U. S. Infantry. The object in establishing the post was to keep in check the Sioux Indians, and it was placed at the extreme western part of what was called the neutral ground between the Sioux and Sac and Fox Indians. In the spring of 1850, Major Samuel Woods was ordered on with a portion of the 6th U. S. Infantry, and established the post which was named Fort Clark. The officers of the detachment, under Major Woods, were Brevet Major Lewis A. Olmstead,* acting Commissary. Lt. L. S. Corley. Lt. Stubbs, and Surgeon Dr. Chas. Keeney. But it was found that another detachment from the same regiment had established another post on the frontier west, which they also named Fort Clark. To prevent confusion in mail matters and in forwarding supplies, the name was changed by order of the Secretary of War, from Fort Clark to Fort Dodge, in honor of Senator Dodge of Wisconsin.

After establishing Fort Dodge, some time was spent during the summer and fall of 1851 in reconnoitering and examining the country, with the view of ascertaining the location of the Indians, and to determine on the best route for roads as well as to gain a knowledge of streams and the country generally. We found many remains of ancient fortifications and mounds, which had evidently, from their location and construction, been (at some very remote period) raised for defense and positions of observation, giving evidence that this northern country was inhabited by a race of people long before the present race of Indians inhabited it. On viewing the location and tracing the lines we found them arranged with some judgment. Others evidently were burial places. On directing the attention of the Indians to them, we were unable to find any among the oldest Sioux who had any knowledge of them either by tradition or otherwise; they all asserted that they were here when their people first came into the country. The most distinct of these ancient works will be found in the forks of Boone, on

*Major Olmstead served through the Mexican war, and was one of the "forlorn hope" that made the assault upon the stronghold of Chapultapec. He was afterwards a Brigadier General in the Rebel army, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg.

and in the neighborhood of L. Mericle's place, on the west side of the Des Moines, near where Mr. Beam lives, also on Indian creek, about twelve miles north of Fort Dodge, on Lizard rivers, and at Fort Dodge. Some of the mounds at Fort Dodge have been removed, and in digging into them they were found to contain the remains of human beings; such as parts of skulls, teeth, thigh bones, etc., and along with them pieces of burnt or charred wood and coals. From their location on high and dry ground, covered with sand and gravel, together with the appearance of the bones, their color, etc., physicians and all who examined them were of opinion that a great length of time had elapsed since they had been deposited there, perhaps two hundred years or more; the ancient mound builders were in the habit of burning their dead, which is not the custom of any of the Indians of whom we have any knowledge.

In the fall of 1851, the Fort being established, roads laid out, and streams bridged on the east side of the Des Moines river, to enable the wagon trains to pass and repass to Keokuk, where all supplies for the Fort were delivered from St. Louis, suitable stopping places were much wanted, as the escorts and teamsters had to encamp. Major Woods, Major Armistead, Wm. Williams, and Barlow Granger, of Des Moines, in company, determined upon laying out a town and building a company hotel in the forks of Boone river, and for that purpose took in D. B. Spaulding, and enclosed his claim, eighty acres, in the town plat. Mr. Spaulding was to keep the hotel when finished. We went on and surveyed and laid out the town, which looked exceedingly well on paper, and named it Dakotah. This raised a great commotion among the natives. Claim-jumping commenced at once, and high prices for claims were demanded. Mr. Spaulding sold out his interest to Wm. Pierce. We had all made claims in the neighborhood of the town site, and each of the company commenced improvements, and after expending from \$75 to \$150 each in cash, some of the very men employed jumped our claims. Rather than be mixed up with such a crowd, we abandoned our projects and left them in their glory.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE CHAIN OF TITLE TO IOWA.

In these times of careful business methods every prudent man who purchases a piece of real estate requires of the grantor an "abstract of title." These abstracts carry titles back from one to another to the patent issued to the pioneer owner by the Government of the United States. In rare instances even the validity of a patent has been questioned, and in such cases the Supreme Court at Washington determines whether the Government itself had the right at the time to convey title. It has sometimes happened that the General Government has never owned some certain tract or parcel of land "situate, lying and being" within its own domains—by reason of its having been granted or sold by some former jurisdiction which had owned it; or, possibly, it may have been previously conveyed by the Government itself. Such instances have been fruitful of litigation, as well as laying the foundation for interesting and complicated historical disputes.

In like manner, every State and Territory has a chain of title running back to the days of Columbus or the Cabots. These chains of title, not only to the general reader, but even to the precise and accomplished scholar, are often exceedingly complex and difficult to find and follow. We partially explained this proposition, or rather made it a subject of reasonable inference, in an article in our first number, upon the "Historical-Geographical Atlas," which has been compiled after years of most careful and patient research, by Captain Frank E. Landers, Clerk of the Executive Council of this State. From the original manuscript of the work, we are privileged to present to our readers the following abstract of the titles to the region now included within the boundaries of Iowa. We leave out all questions connected with the Indians,

presenting only such historical facts and dates as are recorded here and there in books, official documents, or patents granted to civilized adventurers or discoverers. As soon as it began to be dreamed or known in the Old World that there was "a land beyond the sea" inhabited by savages, the greed of gold, the lust of power, and the desire to spread the gospel, or a powerful combination of these impulses, led various potentates to take steps to secure a lion's share of these rich possessions. The first one to act was Pope Alexander VI. We gather the following data from the maps of Captain Landers.

GRANT TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

1493. Pope Alexander VI granted to Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Aragon and Castile—Spain—all the continents inhabited by infidels, which they had discovered, extending the assignment to their heirs, and successors, the kings of Castile and Leon. The boundary between the grants to Spain and Portugal was fixed on a line drawn from pole to pole, one hundred leagues west of the Azores. All countries east of that meridian not actually possessed by any Christian prince were to belong to Portugal; all to the west, to Spain. Owing to the dissatisfaction of Portugal, as to the boundary fixed in the grant to that country and Spain, a commission was appointed, which, on July 2, 1493, agreed on a line two hundred and seventy leagues farther west. In the first assignment Portugal only secured the title to what was found to be a vast expanse of ocean, and the change of meridian was made in the belief that she would thereby acquire some portion of *terra firma*. But in this she was also doomed to disappointment.

THE CABOT PATENTS.

1496. Henry VII, King of England, granted to John Cabot and his sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sancius, a patent of discovery, possession and trade. This was to include all lands they might discover, of which they were to take possession in the name of the English Crown. England laid claim in 1498 to all of North America, through the discoveries of the Cabots.

THE PLYMOUTH COMPANY'S CHARTER.

1620. James I, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, granted to the Council at Plymouth, England, all that part of America lying between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of north latitude, and extending from "Sea to Sea." This grant included within its limits the whole of Iowa, and challenged any rights Spain may have received from the Pope.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY'S CHARTER.

1628. The "Council established at Plymouth," England, granted to Sir Henry Roswell and others, all that part of New England in America, extending along the Atlantic coast from three miles north of the Merrimac to three miles south of the Charles river, and westward between the latitude of 42°, 2' and a point three miles north of the most southerly bend of the Merrimac, to the South Sea. This grant gave to the Massachusetts Com-

pany that part of Iowa lying between parallels passing through the north edge of Clinton county and the south part of Clayton county. Charles I, King of England, granted, March 4, 1629, to Sir Henry Roswell and twenty others, a charter similar to that of 1628, with the exception, that no part of the lands therein granted were, on the 3d day of November, 1620, inhabited by any other Christian prince or within the limits of the Southern Colony of Virginia. The associates were made "one body corporate and politic in fact and name, by the name of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England."

THE WARWICK GRANT.

1630. The Council at Plymouth granted to the Earl of Warwick a tract of country south of Massachusetts. The Earl on the 19th day of March, 1631, transferred the grant to Lords Say & Sele, Brooke and others. The country was defined in the transfer as lying south of Massachusetts, and west of Narragansett river, extending westward 120 miles along the coast, and thence west to the Pacific. The Warwick grant embraced that part of Iowa lying between latitude 41° and $42^{\circ}. 2'$, parallels passing through near the center of Henry county and the north edge of Clinton county.

THE PLYMOUTH COMPANY'S CHARTER.

1635. The charter of the Plymouth Company was surrendered to the Crown of England, to obtain a confirmation of the respective rights of the original members of the Company. The grant was divided into twelve parts, and distributed by lot. No territory was partitioned lying west of forty miles west of the Hudson. The Province of Virginia, on the surrender of the Charter of the Plymouth Company, extended its jurisdiction to the forty-first parallel, the south line of the Warwick grant. The territory of Iowa was then claimed by Virginia, the assignees of the Earl of Warwick, and Massachusetts, to the north line of Massachusetts, and from thence north by the Crown of England.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY.

1652. The General Court of Massachusetts extended the northern boundary of the province to three miles north of the head of the Merrimac—latitude $43^{\circ}, 43', 12''$ —and west to the Pacific. This extension of boundary placed all of northern Iowa under the claim of Massachusetts.

THE CONNECTICUT CHARTER.

1662. Charles II, King of England, Scotland and France, granted a charter to John Winthrop and other associates, to the country included in the Warwick grant of 1639, the colonists having purchased the rights of the patentees in 1644.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY.

1677. The Crown of England ordered that the northern bounds of Massachusetts be restored to within three miles of the Merrimac, thereby leaving the jurisdiction of the north part of Iowa, subject to the direct control of the King, as it was previous to 1652. The colony, however, still claimed to the northern limits.

LA SALLE'S PATENT.

1678. Louis XIV, King of France and Navarre, granted a patent to Robert de la Salle, permitting him to endeavor to discover the western part of

New France. April 9, 1682, La Salle, having descended the Mississippi and explored the shore of the Gulf of Mexico to the westward, took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of France, "from the mouth of the Ohio; also along the Mississippi and the rivers discharging themselves thereinto from its source beyond the country of the Nadouessioux as far as its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico."

THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY'S CHARTER.

1684. The Court of Chancery of Westminster, England, decreed that the patent of Massachusetts should be brought into court and cancelled.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY'S CHARTER.

1691. William and Mary, King and Queen of England, granted a charter uniting the colonies of Massachusetts, New Plymouth and others under the name of "Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England." This charter included the same territory in Iowa as did that of the charters of 1628 and 1629.

CROZAT'S PATENT.

1712. Louis XIV, King of France and Navarre, granted a patent to Anthony Crozat, for fifteen years, with the right to carry on a trade in the country between Carolina and New Mexico. The country was to retain the name of Louisiana and be annexed as a dependent of New France. The laws of France were extended to the province.

THE WESTERN COMPANY'S PATENT.

1717. Crozat surrendered his patent to the Crown of France, and King Louis XV granted to the Western Company, for twenty-five years, the exclusive commerce of Louisiana, and the right of beaver trade with New France. The charter gave rights of civil and military jurisdiction. It was surrendered to the Crown in 1730.

THE ACT OF FONTAINBLEAU.

1762. A preliminary treaty was signed between England, France and Spain, by which it was agreed that the boundary between the provinces of England and France should be irrevocably fixed by a line drawn in the middle of the Mississippi river, from its source to the Iberville, etc. Louis XV, King of France, ceded Louisiana to Spain. The province was formally taken possession of August 18, 1769. By this treaty the territory comprised in the bounds of the State of Iowa was definitely placed in the Province of Louisiana, and the rights of the English claimants terminated.

THE TREATY OF PARIS.

1763. A definite treaty was signed between England, France and Spain, confirming the boundary between the possessions of England and France as agreed upon by the Act of Fontainbleau, of 1762.

THE TREATY OF ILDEFONSO.

1800. A secret agreement was entered into by which the King of Spain was to re-cede the Province of Louisiana to France, upon a fulfillment of certain considerations to be performed by the French Republic.

The agreement of the Treaty of Madrid, made the following year, provided that the retrocession of Louisiana as provided in the Treaty of Ildefonso should be carried out.

THE TREATY OF PARIS.

1803. France ceded the Province of Louisiana to the United States. The treaty was ratified and proclaimed October 1, 1803. The Province comprised all west of the Mississippi river north and east of the Spanish possessions, with the Island of Orleans.

DISTRICT OF LOUISIANA.

1804. That part of the Province of Louisiana south of the thirty-third parallel was detached to form the Territory of Orleans, by act of Congress, and the residue named "District of Louisiana," and placed under the control of the Governor and Judges of the Indiana Territory.

TERRITORY OF LOUISIANA.

1805. A territorial government was established by Congress in the District of Louisiana, and the name changed to "Territory of Louisiana."

TERRITORY OF MISSOURI.

1812. The government of the Territory of Louisiana was re-organized and the name changed to "Territory of Missouri."

TERRITORY OF MISSOURI.

1821. Missouri was admitted as a State, and the remaining portion of the territory, that part north and west of Missouri and Arkansas, left without any form of government.

MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

1834. The boundaries of Michigan Territory were extended by act of Congress westward to the Missouri river. This act again placed Iowa among the governments east of the Mississippi river. Michigan Territory extended from Lake Huron to the Missouri river, and from the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri north to the British possessions.

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

1836. Michigan Territory was divided by act of Congress April 20, 1836, and the western part established as "Wisconsin Territory."

IOWA TERRITORY.

1838. Wisconsin Territory was divided by act of Congress of June 12, 1838, and the western part given a territorial government and named "Iowa Territory." This Territory embraced the territory of the present State of Iowa, North and South Dakota east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers, and Minnesota west of the Mississippi river and a line drawn from its source to the British possessions.

STATE OF IOWA.

1834. Application was made to Congress Feb. 12, 1844, for admission of Iowa as a State. On the first day of November of that year a Constitution was adopted by a Territorial Convention. An act of admission was passed by Congress on the 3d day of March, 1845, but at the election held on the 4th of August following the people rejected it. The reason for this action is given below. On the 18th of May, 1846, another constitution was adopted by a second convention, called for that purpose. The Constitution proved acceptable to the people and was adopted at an election held Aug. 3, of the same year. On the following day, Aug. 4, 1846, Congress passed an act repealing the law of March 3, 1845, and accepting the boundaries of

the State as defined in this last constitution and as they exist to-day. On the 28th day of December, 1846, Congress passed an act admitting Iowa as a State in the Union. The boundaries were set forth in the act as follows:

"Beginning in the middle of the main channel of the Mississippi river, at a point due east of the middle of the mouth of the main channel of the Des Moines river; thence up the middle of the main channel of the said Des Moines river to a point on said river where the northern boundary of the State of Missouri—as established by the Constitution of that State, adopted June 12, 1820—crosses the said middle of the main channel of the said Des Moines river; thence westerly along the said northern boundary line of the State of Missouri, as established at the time aforesaid, until an extension of said line intersects the middle of the main channel of the Missouri river; thence up the middle of the main channel of the said Missouri river to a point opposite the middle of the main channel of the Big Sioux river, according to Nicollet's map; thence up the middle of the main channel of the Big Sioux river, according to the said map, until it is intersected by the parallel of forty-three degrees and thirty minutes, north latitude; thence east along said parallel of forty-three degrees and thirty minutes, until said parallel intersects the middle of the main channel of the Mississippi river; thence down the middle of the main channel of the Mississippi river to the place of beginning."

Reference is made above to the fact that the first constitution and act of admission of Iowa Territory as a State were rejected by the people. How and why this was done, the following paragraphs fully disclose. They are copied from an address by Hon. Theodore S. Parvin, before the Iowa Association of Pioneer Law Makers, February 10, 1892. These sentences are especially valuable, also, on account of the deserved tribute which they contain to the memory of the late Lieutenant Governor Enoch W. Eastman:

It may not be, and doubtless is not, known to the majority even of the Pioneer Law Makers' Association that the people of the State of Iowa are indebted more to Enoch W. Eastman for her present boundaries than to any other man, living or dead. When the constitution of 1844, prescribing substantially the same boundaries as now, was adopted by the Convention and sent to Congress for ratification before being submitted to the people for their approval, Congress struck out the boundary and in lieu of that adopted by the Convention, and since established, provided that the western boundary should be a line drawn from near the intersection of the Little Blue Earth river with the Minnesota river south, passing about thirty [really forty] miles west of the Raccoon Forks, or the present city of Des Moines, to the Missouri line, thus cutting us off from the western half of the State, known in later years as the "Missouri Slope," and directed that the boundaries as prescribed be submitted to the people.

All the office-holders and office-seekers were anxious for the adoption of

the constitution to the end that they might secure the preferment they desired. Mr. Eastman, then a young lawyer recently arrived at Burlington from New Hampshire, where he was born in 1810, united with the late Captain Mills, who lost his life during the Mexican war, and also a prominent attorney of the same place, to defeat the measure before the people. They undertook to stump the Territory, but finding the job too large a one, they invited myself to relieve them in the Second Judicial District of the Territory, which I did, taking as a text of my discourse before the people the famous distich of Bishop Berkley, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and from that I proceeded to urge the people to insist that inasmuch as emigration followed the parallel lines of latitude, we should insist upon our State extending to the Missouri river, and that the only way to accomplish this would be the rejection of the boundaries prescribed by Congress.

Our efforts in the First and Second Districts were successful and the Constitution [of 1844] was defeated by some 400 votes, and but for the efforts of Mr. Eastman in organizing that effort and combination against its adoption, the Congressional boundaries would have been imposed upon our people and there would now be two states where there is but one—Iowa.

The setting forth of the boundary of the proposed State, as stated by Mr. Parvin, seems to be a little indefinite, and not to include all the territory which the people asked for in the Constitution of 1844. The Constitution included all that part of the present State of Minnesota south and east from a line drawn from the mouth of the Sioux or Calumet river to the southerly bend of the St. Peters—now the Minnesota—river, and thence by that river to the Mississippi, and excluded that part of the present State of Iowa northwest of the Sioux river. The act of Congress of 1845 provided as the boundary a parallel passing through the mouth of the Mankato or White Earth river, from the Mississippi to the meridian of $17^{\circ} 30'$ west from Washington, and thence due south to the boundary line of the State of Missouri.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE IOWA GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

The first official report of the Geological Survey of Iowa, for which the last General Assembly made provision, has just left the hands of the printer and is now ready for distribution. Two attempts have been made already to investigate the material resources of Iowa; one in the fifties and the other more

than a quarter of a century ago. Unfortunately for the State both were cut off before they had fairly begun work. It is to be hoped that the third attempt will be more successful and that the work be permitted to continue to its finish—work that should have been done a score of years ago. It is the purpose of the Geological Survey to make a complete examination, as the law specifies, “Of the natural resources of the State in all their economic and scientific aspects; including the determination of the order, arrangement, dip and comparative magnitude of the various formations; the discovery and examination of all useful deposits, their richness in mineral contents, and their fossils; and the investigation of the position, formation and arrangement of the many different ores, coals, clays, building-stones, glass-sands, marls, peats, mineral oils, natural gas, mineral and artesian waters, and such other mineral materials as may be useful, with particular regard to the value of these substances for commercial purposes and their accessibilities; also the careful noting of the characters of the various soils, and their capacities for agricultural purposes; the growth of timber, and other scientific or natural history matters that may be of practical importance and interest.”

Although the organization of the Survey was not effected until late in July, 1892, when the field season was fully two-thirds over, considerable progress was made during the remaining portion of the year that could be devoted to out-door work. Of course all subjects cannot be taken up at once. Among the special and important lines of inquiry that are already being worked out are the coals, clays, building-stones, and cement rocks. The artesian and mineral waters will be reported upon soon. The soils of the State will receive full consideration; their properties and capacities are now being studied by the most advanced methods known to agricultural geologists and chemists. Particular attention will also be paid to ores of zinc, iron and other minerals. As stated by one of our State's most eminent engineers: “One noteworthy feature of the present Survey is the number of competent investigators who are giving their service without pay. It is expected that



there will be at least one such local assistant in each county, so that no geological facts of scientific or economic interest will fail to be recorded. The gratuitous service that the State will receive, if the work is completed according to present plans, will amount to many thousands of dollars annually. All that is needed is time and moderate annual appropriations to make for Iowa one of the most complete, most valuable, and at the same time least expensive of all the geological surveys thus far undertaken by any of the States."

The First Annual Report is a large royal octavo volume of about 400 pages, with a colored geological map and section of the State, and a dozen or more of full-page engravings, besides a number of cuts and sections.

In addition to the administrative reports of Professor Samuel Calvin, State Geologist, and Dr. Charles R. Keyes, Assistant State Geologist, there are a number of papers in which special topics are discussed. The first is a succinct account, or summary, of the Geological Formations of Iowa, by Dr. Keyes. It embraces 140 pages and is illustrated by a number of plates showing some of the more typical rock outcrops. The following is the classification of the geological formations which occur in the State:

Quaternary		Drift
Cretaceous	Upper	Niobrara Woodbury
	Upper	Missouri Des Moines
Carboniferous	Lower	St. Louis Augusta Kinderhook
Devonian		Lime Creek Montpelier Cedar Valley Independence
	Upper	Le Claire Niagara
Silurian	Lower	Maquoketa Galena Trenton St. Peter Oneota
Cambrian	Upper	St. Croix
Algonkian		Sioux

Among the more important geological features described are a number which exhibit the lines of separation between the several different geological formations. One of the most marked is in southeastern Iowa, where the hard Burlington limestone forms overhanging cliffs above the soft Kinderhook shales. Wherever the small streams cross this line, rapids and water-falls are formed. One of the latter near Burlington is called the "Cascade." It is shown in the accompanying plate.

Professor Samuel Calvin has a "Preliminary Report on the Cretaceous Deposits of Woodbury and Plymouth Counties, with Observations on their Economic Uses," in which are described valuable deposits for the manufacture of Portland cement and materials for various kinds of clay goods. Incidental references are made to certain deposits of lignite, or brown coal, which are now being investigated farther.

Professor S. W. Beyer gives a scientific account of "Some Lava Flows," which occurred long ago in the northwestern part of the State. This old volcanic eruption will be reported upon farther in due time. In "The Distribution and Relation of the St. Louis Limestone in Mahaska County, Iowa," Mr. H. F. Bain gives some very important conclusions in regard to the mining of coal along the east margin of the Iowa coal field. If the suggestions offered are duly considered in the prospecting for coal in that part of the State, it will doubtless save the citizens of Mahaska and neighboring counties many thousands of dollars each year.

"An Annotated Catalogue of Minerals," by Dr. C. R. Keyes, gives brief notes on all the minerals, whether of economic importance or not, which are known at present to occur within the limits of the State. It was prepared in response to a large number of inquiries from all parts of Iowa in regard to the occurrence and location of the various kinds of minerals.

Mr. Gilbert L. Houser describes the localities, value, accessibility and the properties of the lime-burning dolomites and building-stones of certain parts of northwestern Iowa. It forms a preliminary account of a more extensive report on the subject to appear soon. The concluding article of the report

is a "Bibliography of Iowa Geology," by Dr. Charles R. Keyes. It embraces over 200 pages, and is practically a dictionary catalogue of all references pertaining to Iowa geology. It includes:

1. An author's list, in which is given the full title, volume, pages and illustrations of the book or serial in which each article appeared, place of publication and date. Each entry is followed by a brief synopsis of the contents of the work.

2. A title index in which the name of each article appears under each of its leading words. Then comes the name of the author and an abbreviated reference to its place of appearance.

3. Subject entries and cross references. These embrace under each topic all references to any particular subject, as to county geology, geological formations, zoological groups, special subjects, etc.; also, those writings referring to Iowa in general. The names of authors and abbreviated references to place and time of publication are given in all cases. Whenever additional information is wanted reference can be made readily to the name of the author. For convenience the whole is arranged alphabetically.

One of the most noticeable features connected with the bibliographical index is the fact that the literature is so widely scattered and now largely inaccessible to the people of the State. The last of the two earlier geological reports was issued nearly a quarter of a century ago. They were rather sparingly distributed, and during the period which has elapsed since their publication most of the copies have been lost, destroyed or passed beyond the boundaries of the State. In the meantime the population has largely increased, so that if the reports were all at hand the supply would be inadequate. A goodly number of references have appeared in the publications of leading societies and have had a limited distribution, a large share of which have been foreign. Many of the papers referring to the geological phenomena as presented in Iowa are found in the reports of other states; still others are scattered far and wide through various journals and serials both in English and foreign languages; besides there are many short articles and

more or less lengthy allusions included in the long list of publications printed by the Federal Government. A large majority of these descriptions are unknown to the people of the State, who consequently know not where to look for the information desired.

Yet all these have to be gone over, involving so much time and labor that considerable hesitancy arises before the preparation of indices of this kind is entered upon finally.

MESSRS. BYERS AND RICHMAN.

It is doubtless known to our readers that Col. S. H. M. Byers, of Oskaloosa, has for the past two years held the position of Consul-General at St. Gall, Switzerland, to which he was appointed by President Harrison. It was announced in the public journals about the middle of May that he had been recalled by President Cleveland, and that Hon. Irving B. Richman, of Muscatine, had been appointed to fill his place. As both gentlemen are widely known, the present is deemed a fitting occasion to make mention of their merits and distinguished public services, and especially because of the excellent work they have done in the direction of Iowa history.

Mr. Byers was born in Pulaski, Pa., July 23, 1838. The family came to Iowa in 1851, and settled in Oskaloosa in 1853. After his school days he studied law and was admitted to the bar. When the Fifth Iowa Infantry was raised, young Byers enlisted as a private. He was immediately appointed Quartermaster's Sergeant. A little later he was commissioned as First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the regiment. He served in this capacity until the battle of Mission Ridge, where he was captured by the Confederates. He was, first and last, in six different prisons, including the Libby at Richmond, and was one of the Union officers who were placed under the fire of our own guns at Charleston, S. C. During this long imprisonment of one year and four months he escaped three times, but was as often recaptured. While in prison he wrote his well-known song of "Sherman's March to the Sea," thus winning national

fame and giving a name to that great expedition. A few hours after he had again escaped at Columbia, S. C., the city fell before the attack of Gen. Sherman, and the long sojourn in the enemy's country ended. He was at once appointed to a place on the staff of the commanding General, receiving also kindly attentions from Gen. Grant, and thenceforward his lines fell in pleasant places, although his health was ruined. In fact, when he was mustered out of the military service he was a physical wreck. It was several years before he regained anything like even a tolerable degree of health, and from the effects of his sufferings while in prison he has never fully recovered. No sooner was he out of the army than he was compelled to set about earning a livelihood, though he was a fitter subject for a hospital than for any active employment. He had, indeed, acquired a national reputation by his popular song of "Sherman's March to the Sea," but even that availed him little in the "struggle for existence" which at once confronted him. After some years at home he was appointed U. S. Consul to Zurich, Switzerland, where he served with such distinguished credit that he was promoted to the post of Consul-General at Rome, from which he was recalled at the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's first administration.

Coming home, he resided in Oskaloosa during the succeeding four years, much of the time engaged in writing his excellent and well-known book, "Iowa in War Times." He had long before published a thrilling little volume which will one of these days be worth its weight in gold, entitled, "What I saw in Dixie; or Sixteen Months in Rebel Prisons." President Harrison made him Consul-General at St. Gall, some two years ago, where he is now to be superceded by Mr. Richman.

In addition to his official services, which have always been as acceptable to the Government as they have been popular with the multitude of Americans who have met him abroad, Col. Byers has found time to perform considerable literary labor. He has contributed many very able illustrated articles to the best magazines of the country, as well as published two or three volumes of poetry. His official and special reports

have been cyclopedic in the amount and value of the information contained in them. During all the years he has been abroad his thoughts have constantly been upon his native land, and he has striven to the utmost of his powers to benefit his countrymen. Among other good deeds, he is collecting, at his own expense, a gallery of fine paintings in oil, for Penn College, Oskaloosa. He deserves all the honors, all the consideration, which can come to the good and faithful servant.

While Mr. Richman has attained his present honorable position without the terrible "storm and stress" entailed upon "Adjutant Byers" during the war of the Rebellion, he is a young man whose merits may well be deemed of the first order. He was born at Muscatine, Iowa, October 27, 1861. He graduated at the Iowa State University in 1883, and was admitted to the bar two years later. In 1889 the citizens of his county elected him to the lower house of our State Legislature, where he served two terms. With his party ticket he was defeated for Presidential Elector in 1892. A fine speaker and debater—always ready, cool, dignified and judicious—he took and maintained a very high position from the beginning of his legislative service. Like Col. Byers, he has won much distinction in literature, having published elaborate articles in "The Atlantic Monthly," "Political Science Quarterly" and "The Magazine of American History." He has also achieved considerable success in the domain of State History, having given especial attention to the career of "John Brown in Iowa," "Mormonism in Iowa," "The Spirit Lake Massacre," "The Indian Chiefs Keokuk and Black Hawk," and many other topics. Some of his monographs have been published, though the greater portion have not yet seen the light. He has it in contemplation to issue a book before many months. With youth and health, high culture, literary tastes and thorough knowledge of the law, he goes forth to his new duties splendidly equipped. His future career would seem to be full of promise.

OUR WAR GOVERNOR'S PORTRAIT.

On a certain Sunday morning during the session of the last Legislature, one of the Des Moines daily papers had an editorial article urging that it would be "a most graceful thing" for the Legislature to place in the hands of Governor Horace Boies, \$1,000, with which to give some artist of high repute a commission to paint a portrait for the Capitol, of our illustrious War Governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood. The next morning a bill to that effect was promptly introduced into the Senate. With but little friction, and the slightest possible opposition, it was speedily and "gracefully" passed by both houses and approved by the Governor, though the amount was reduced to \$800. Really, the act seemed to be endorsed by everybody.

When it came within the province of Governor Boies to "execute" this law, two thoughts seemed to be uppermost in his mind: 1st, To secure an artist whose name should be a guaranty of the highest success; 2d, To select one who would be entirely acceptable to Governor Kirkwood and his friends. He was not long in deciding that Mr. George H. Yewell, N. A., formerly of Iowa, but now a resident of New York, would meet both requirements. Mr. Yewell soon after came here, pursuant to an invitation, and entered into an engagement to paint the portrait. He had known the aged War Governor many years, but he nevertheless spent two or three months in Iowa City, studying his subject from every possible standpoint, even painting a preliminary portrait, in addition to securing many photographs. It was fully a year before he finished the painting, for Mr. Yewell is one of the most painstaking artists, as well as one of the severest critics of his own work. The portrait was finished in May. It was sent to Iowa City about the 1st of June, where it was placed upon exhibition for a couple of weeks. It was often and carefully examined by Governor and Mrs. Kirkwood, as well as by the citizens generally, and the verdict was on all hands most favorable. Everybody agreed that the artist had achieved a distinguished success. The portrait was then forwarded to the Capitol.

At this stage of the proceedings several of Governor Kirkwood's friends in Des Moines determined that the painting should be unveiled at a public meeting, with simple but appropriate ceremonies. Tickets of invitation were issued and sent to the War Governor's old friends throughout the State. The time fixed was Tuesday, June 20, at 2:30 P. M. The portrait had been placed upon the north wall of the Executive Reception Room, and draped with two American flags. At the time fixed Ex-Chief Justice George G. Wright, of Des Moines, took the chair. Seated on his right hand were Governor Horace Boies and Ex-Governor John H. Gear; on his left Hon. Peter A. Dey, the friend and representative of the artist. The chair introduced Judge Dey, who paid a brief but eloquent tribute to Mr. Yewell, leaving others to speak of Governor Kirkwood. We do not copy from this very excellent address, for the reason that we hope to present it in full hereafter. At the conclusion of his remarks the Stars and Stripes fell gracefully away from the portrait, and the form and features of Governor Kirkwood were revealed to the audience amid hearty applause. Judge Dey added: "In the name of the artist, I present to your Excellency this picture, and ask you if the contract for painting the portrait of Governor Kirkwood has been satisfactorily executed?"

In well chosen words Governor Boies accepted the portrait, paying a tribute to the great qualities and patriotic services of his illustrious predecessor. Brief addresses were made by ex-Governor Gear, Judge C. C. Cole, Judge Charles C. Nourse, Hon. H. W. Lathrop (Governor Kirkwood's biographer), and Hon. W. T. Smith. In closing the exercises, Judge Wright took occasion to express the high sense of appreciation, entertained by the friends of Governor Kirkwood, of the action of Governor Boies in the selection of the artist, who had executed this great work.

The portrait shows Governor Kirkwood as he appeared about the time he was Secretary of the Interior, in the full vigor of health, and before age had begun to tell upon him. He is seated at a table, with such accessories as books, docu-

ments, library shelves, etc. That it is a most faithful likeness, is the opinion of all who have known Governor Kirkwood. It shows him as he was, in splendid physical health, a man of great mental power, to whom firmness and decision would be easy and natural, but who was withal kind and benignant in the highest degree—one whom the humblest citizen could meet on equal terms. As an artist, Mr. Yewell has achieved more than national fame, but there can be little doubt that this is his master-piece, the crowning work of his life.

TWO VISITORS.

In one of the early days in May, the Historical Department was honored by a call from the venerable widow of Mr. N. H. Parker. Possibly very few of our readers will recall the name, but Mr. Parker was a man whose memory should be preserved in the Annals of Iowa as one who “did the State some service” long ago. Away back in 1856 he wrote a little book entitled “Iowa as It Is.” This volume gave only a partial, but yet a very just statement of the resources of our State. So far as it went, the account was a glowing one. The book was widely advertised, and well known at the time, and without doubt was the means of inducing thousands of people to settle within our borders. This was at a time when every Western State, by reason of necessities real or imagined, needed immigration. Mr. Parker’s book had a large circulation in the East, and in its time was productive of much good. But it soon went out of print, and at present copies are only found in the houses of pioneer settlers, or in second-hand book stores. At one time the author edited a paper in Davenport, but removed to St. Louis, where he attempted to issue a work relating to Missouri, similar to his Iowa venture. But from a combination of unforeseen circumstances, it did not prove a success. He died probably twenty years ago, and is well nigh forgotten in this State, where his labors were most useful. Mrs. Parker came to Des Moines to visit old friends, with whom she remained several weeks. She is apparently upwards of seventy years of

age, but still in vigorous health, and a lady of high culture and intelligence.

Another caller was the venerable ex-U. S. Senator, Gen. Geo. W. Jones, of Dubuque, who was in attendance upon the Supreme Court, in which he appeared as a party to a suit. He was born in 1804, and is close upon ninety years of age. But he is still in the enjoyment of excellent health, and is as fastidious regarding the polish of his boots, the twist in his mustache, and the ringlets in his hair, as deferential in his treatment of ladies, as kind to little children, as breezy and full of good-fellowship when meeting old friends, as when the writer saw him gliding about the floor of the U. S. Senate in 1852, and throwing salutations to the beauties in the gallery. At that time we also saw Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, and A. C. Dodge, of Iowa—father and son—Senators from their respective States. But the Dodges are dead and gone, and aside from Gen. Jones, few, if any, who were in the Senate in those days of compromise and pro-slavery rule, remain alive. Our aged ex-Senator has led a useful, active life, but he must be one of that class of men whom Dryden had in mind when he wrote these lines:

“Some few, by temperance taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go.”

With his habitual care of his health, the aged statesman may still be spared through many happy years. While in the Historical Rooms he sat down and quickly wrote a letter, holding his pen with a firm, steady grasp, finishing the page without blot or erasure, and producing a fine piece of manuscript. He signed his name very handsomely over a set of flourishes almost as elaborate and much neater than those which always accompanied the autograph of Charles Dickens.

SAVE THE PAMPHLETS.

Among the various materials for history which accumulate in libraries or general collections, pamphlets are always valued very highly. This is no doubt due to the fact that each one

is in itself a complete publication—at least from the standpoint of the author. One side, certainly, of a question is apt to be exhaustively treated; and then farther than this, they almost invariably point the way to other sources of information. Here and there an individual makes a specialty of collecting them. It is by no means infrequent that such collections run up into the thousands, becoming very valuable historically, and commanding high prices.

Such accumulations are occasionally offered for sale by the dealers in second-hand books. A large price could no doubt be very readily obtained for a complete collection of pamphlets issued in our State. But useful and valuable as they are it is a matter of doubt whether there is any considerable Iowa collection in existence. Probably Bishop Perry has saved up more in his large private collections in Davenport than can be found in the possession of any other public or private library in the State. It is the fate of these publications to be considered as ephemeral, and scattered and destroyed like the issues of the daily press. We remember many of these Iowa publications, issued years ago, but of which it would be impossible to find a single copy at this time.

These thoughts bring us to what we desire to say, more especially to our newspaper friends throughout the State. The Historical Department of Iowa is now making every possible effort to gather up copies of all Iowa pamphlets of the present and the past. If our friends of the press who receive this publication will kindly aid us in this matter, not only by setting forth our desires in this direction through their columns, but by a little personal effort themselves, as opportunities occur, a great deal can yet be accomplished. No pamphlet is so trivial as not to be valuable in a State collection. Especially desirable are catalogues of colleges and schools, proceedings of religious or secular bodies, important law cases, premium lists of agricultural societies, addresses, sermons, those issued for the purpose of making business interests known, and all relating to the history of towns, counties, or particular regions—in short, every species of publications in this direction.

There are hundreds of pamphlets no doubt, *in the offices of lawyers and in editorial rooms*, of no use to their present owners, at present left to gather accumulations of dust, but which would be regarded as prizes by the Historical Department. In fact, we have assisted, during the past three years, in extracting from such "innocuous desuetude" a large number of very valuable publications. Some of these same pamphlets—Iowa pamphlets, too—are worth \$50 each, and yet they might almost any day have been sacrificed in kindling a fire, or have been destroyed in a conflagration. Especially precious are most of the reports and other public documents published by the State prior to 1860. We shall prize gifts of all such publications, and feel deeply grateful to those who assist us in obtaining them.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

We are sure that thousands of Iowa people, as well as many far beyond our borders, were heartily rejoiced to learn that Hon. Theodore S. Parvin and his excellent wife were spared to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, on the 17th day of May last. It is seldom, indeed, that two such useful and harmonious lives are spared to each other for half a century after their union in marriage. That Mr. Parvin, in many directions, has been one of the most useful, as he has been one of the best known and most distinguished men in Iowa, goes without saying. This is a truth known to everybody. His reputation rests upon his own personal merits—his own hard work—and has not risen from any adventitious aids, as of politics, wealth or social surroundings. He has hewed out his own career, and it has been as remarkable in point of success as it is unique in character. He is one man among a million. We know not where another could be found capable of becoming so distinctly useful in the highly intellectual paths which he has pursued. From the day that he entered upon his duties as Private Secretary to Robert Lucas, the first Governor of Iowa Territory, until now, the man's head has been full of

wise plans for benefiting his fellow man, while his busy hands are never idle. His pluck, energy and endurance are remarkable. Even now, at the age of seventy-six, his frame seems as flexible and wiry, his mental powers as bright, as when we first began to know something of him, almost forty years ago. It would be an easy task to set forth some of his more useful labors, but they are known and appreciated by every intelligent citizen of Iowa.

Mr. Theodore S. Parvin and Miss Agnes McCully were married at Muscatine, Iowa, on the 17th day of May, 1843, by the Reverend Samuel Stocker, a Presbyterian clergyman. Of the witnesses of this event, but one, a sister of Mr. Parvin, is now living. Very few, indeed, of the residents of Muscatine at that time have survived to see this day. Mrs. Parvin has reached the age of seventy-four. During all these years no Iowa woman has enjoyed a wider acquaintance or been more thoroughly respected. In the direction of unobtrusive and unheralded charity, as a life-long member of the church of her choice, and in the social circle in which she has moved, this quiet, undemonstrative woman has won the highest measure of respect and esteem. Many a poor student at our great University, during the years that Mr. Parvin was one of the professors, found friends in the day of need in this kind and benevolent and always thoughtful couple. From many of these students, long since established as prosperous members of distant communities, have come the most grateful acknowledgments of well remembered aid when they were struggling alone and unfriended to obtain an education.

The occasion was an especially happy one to Mr. and Mrs. Parvin. Letters and tasteful presents were received from dear old friends in and out of the State. In the evening the beautiful Masonic Library—that great institution founded by the Parvins—was brilliantly lighted up, and music and pleasant greetings fitly rounded out the day. That the parties may “still live” for many and many a happy year is the earnest hope of troops of friends.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

JESSE C. ALLEN died at his home in Des Moines, May 7, 1893, aged fifty. He was a gallant soldier of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, in the Army of the Potomac, and served four years. He was in the thickest of the fight in the great battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, South Mountain and Antietam, and many other engagements of less note. He served with detachments on the staffs of Gen. Sumner and Gen. Keyes. He was on Gen. Buford's front line at the opening of the great battle of Gettysburg. On the last day of that terrible conflict he saw his commander, Farnsworth, fall while leading a desperate charge against Longstreet's right near Round Top, which helped to defeat the last superhuman attempt of Lee's army to pierce the center of the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge. Mr. Allen remained with that famous regiment to the close of the war, sharing in all its heroic achievements and dangers.

LIEUT. CHARLES WICKWARE, who recently died at Webster City, was a heroic soldier of the Army of the Potomac. He entered as a private in the 6th Vermont Infantry, near the beginning of the war. He was shot through the body at the battle of Savage Station, and lay all night on the battle field, falling into the hands of the enemy. He was taken to Libby prison, but soon after exchanged, and under skillful treatment at the hospital in Philadelphia, finally recovered so far as to be able to rejoin his regiment in the field. In the terrible battles in the Wilderness he lost an arm. He was promoted to Lieutenant in a colored regiment and served gallantly to the close of the war. He settled at Webster City in 1868, and held many important offices in the city, county and district, serving with the utmost fidelity. He was an active and honored member of the Grand Army of the Republic from the time of its organization to the day of his death.

HON. NICHOLAS BAYLIES died in Des Moines on the 15th of May, at the age of eighty-four years. He was a native of Ver-

mont and in his younger days traveled extensively, visiting Brazil and other southern countries. In 1836 he settled at St. Helena, Louisiana, where he remained many years, holding several important public offices, the duties of which he discharged with ability and fidelity. He came to Iowa in 1858, and settled on a farm near Des Moines. In 1863 he was elected a member of the House of the Tenth General Assembly and was one of the influential members of that body. He was always a man of influence in the communities where he lived, enjoying the confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

CAPT. W. W. NIXON, a prominent citizen of Boone county, died at his home in Boone on the 21st of May. He was a gallant officer of the Union Army in the War of the Rebellion, serving in the 33d Ohio Infantry. After the close of the war he removed to Boone county, Iowa, which has since been his home. He was Mayor of Boone two terms, and in 1873 was appointed by President Grant, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Sixth District, which embraced about one-fourth of the counties in the State. He was an able and faithful officer, and an excellent and highly esteemed citizen.

MRS. WM. SALTER, wife of Rev. Dr. William Salter, of Burlington, was instantly killed by the falling of a tree upon the carriage in which she was riding with her husband and some friends, on June 12. *The Burlington Hawkeye* says of her: "She was an active, cheerful and courageous worker in the church and its related societies, during the almost half century of her husband's long ministry. By nature intellectual, she could not do otherwise than keep pace with her scholarly husband in all his theological studies and writings, and his literary ventures into the field of history and biography, which he has cultivated with such great success. Her richest legacy is the memory she leaves of a faithful, loving wife, affectionate mother and true woman."

JUDGE J. M. BECK, late of the Supreme Court of Iowa, died suddenly at his home in Fort Madison on the 30th of

May. He was born at Clermont, Ohio, April 2, 1823, and removed to Iowa in 1847. In 1867 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, and repeatedly re-elected, serving twenty-four years. He was one of the ablest and most popular Judges the State has ever had. His decisions extended through forty-seven volumes of the Iowa Reports. Besides being an able lawyer and eminent Judge, he was a scholar of wide research and extensive reading, and there are few subjects upon which he could not converse with profit and pleasure to his listener. He was an especial friend of library development in our State. We hope to be able to present his portrait, with a sketch of his life and public services, at some future time.

GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE, who recently died in Boston, was one of the most gallant and notable of all the heroic Iowa soldiers. His old home was Burlington, where he had lived from the time he was six years old until after the close of the war. He entered the service at the beginning of the rebellion, and was appointed Major of the Sixth Iowa Infantry. During "Sherman's March to the Sea," Gen. Corse, with a small force, held the pass at Allatoona, which was of vital importance to the Union army. He was assailed by the rebel army in overwhelming numbers. Sherman signaled to him across the mountains to hold the pass at all hazards. He signaled back, "I will hold it till —— freezes over!" And he held it. It was one of the most heroic achievements of the war. Moody's celebrated hymn, "Hold the Fort for I am Coming," was suggested to its author by this episode. We shall endeavor to procure a biography and portrait of this gallant Iowa General for publication in *THE ANNALS* at an early day.

On a farm about four miles north of Manchester, in Delaware county, lives Christian Coonrad, who is 113 years old. He heard Washington make a speech, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and is still a well preserved old man. One day's talk with him will teach a history class more about early United States history than they will learn from books in a week.—*Spencer Herald*.

